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The Challenge of Negro Poetry – *Beulah R. Burgess*

Tenth Floor – – – – – *Eileen Tosney*

Prodigal – – – – – *Eleanore R. Whitney*

Editorials

The Pack of Autolycus

Current Books

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THE CHALLENGE OF NEGRO POETRY

Beulah R. Burgess, '42

Part II

The negro poet is gradually freeing himself from the shackles of confining utilitarian labor, from racial persecution, and from the prejudice of those who refuse to accept anything but the conventional expression of the negro through his music. His poetry, recognized for its inspiration, technique, emotional, and lyrically musical qualities, is outstanding. This combination of qualities renders it most effective when it is interpreted orally.

One of Dunbar's finest non-dialectic poems is "Ere Sleep Comes Down to Soothe the Weary Eyes". Here, as in most negro poetry, may be felt the expressively rhythmical and musical quality of the lines. Of the six stanzas, the last two are most interesting as a study of mood:

Ere sleep comes down to soothe the weary eyes,
How questioneth the soul that other soul—
The inner sense which neither cheats nor lies,
But self exposes unto self, a scroll
Full writ with all life's acts unwise or wise,
In characters indelible and known;
So, trembling with the shock of sad surprise,
The soul doth view its awful self alone,
Ere sleep comes down to soothe the weary eyes.

When sleep comes down to seal the weary eyes,
The last dear sleep whose soft embrace is balm.
And whom sad sorrow teaches us to prize
For kissing all our passions into calm,
Ah, then, no more we heed the sad world's cries,
Or seek to probe th' eternal mystery,
Or fret our souls at long-withheld replies,
At glooms through which our visions cannot see,
When sleep comes down to seal the weary eyes.

Dunbar's "Life", a poem equally philosophic in thought, but less spiritual, more simple and practical, is particularly expressive through its variation in tempo and tonal quality:

A crust of bread and a corner to sleep in,
A minute to smile and an hour to weep in,
A pint of joy to a peck of trouble,
And never a laugh but the moan comes double;
And that is life!

A crust and a corner that love makes precious,
With a smile to warm and the tears to refresh us;
And joy seems sweeter when cares come after,
And a moan is the finest of foils for laughter;
And that is life!

Joseph Seaman Cotter, Jr., was the son of a writer. With the advantages of a fine library and the encouragement of his father, a brilliant future loomed before him when his career was cut short at twenty-four by death from tuberculosis. Although somewhat faulty in workmanship, his poems reveal a sensitive imagination and delicate musical composition. His "Rain Music", although delightful when read, lacks something, however, until it is interpreted orally.

On the dusty earthdrum
Beats the falling rain;
Now, a whispered murmur,
Now a louder strain.

Slender, silvery drumsticks,
On an ancient drum,
Beat the mellow music
Bidding life to come.

Chords of earth awakened,
Notes of greening spring,
Rise and fall triumphant
Over everything.

Slender, silvery drumsticks,
Beat the long tattoo—
God, the Great Musician
Calling life anew.

The name Johnson seems to be synonymous with Negro literature. Besides Fenton Johnson, well-known for his Spirituals, there is Georgia Douglas Johnson. She was born and educated in Atlanta. She is purely a lyrist in her poetry, singing her emotions in conventional manner, yet with a sincere simplicity that carries conviction. Among her best poems is "The Heart of a Woman" so expressive of calm feeling:

The heart of a woman goes forth with the dawn,
As a love bird, soft winging, so restlessly on,
Afar o'er life's turrets and vales does it roam
In the wake of those echoes the heart calls home.

The heart of a woman falls back with the night,
And enters some alien cage in its plight,

And tries to forget it has dreamed of the stars,
While it breaks, breaks, breaks on the sheltering bars.

Philadelphia is the birthplace of Jessie Fauset, Phi Beta Kappa of Cornell, and recipient of a master's degree at the University of Pennsylvania. A keen student of languages, this woman of noble character and fine intelligence has put much of her own spirit into her poems. Her "Oblivion" is strangely reminiscent of Leconte de Lisle's "Midi"; in fact, it is saturated with his thought and expression:

I hope that when I am dead that I shall lie
In some deserted grave—I cannot tell you why,
But I should like to sleep in some neglected spot,
Unknown to everyone, by everyone forgot.

There lying I should taste with my dead breath
The utter lack of life, the fullest sense of death;
And I should never hear the note of jealousy or hate,
The tribute paid by passers-by to tombs of state.

To me would never penetrate the prayers and tears
That futilely bring torture to dead and dying ears;
There I should lie annihilate and my dead heart would bless
Oblivion—the shroud and envelope of happiness.

Countee Cullen was born in New York City in 1903. A Phi Beta Kappa key indicated the merit of his work at New York University. He received his master's degree at Harvard. Sheltered as a youth, this sensitive lyric poet was, nevertheless, an adventurer at heart. As a poet continually seeking to free himself and his art from racial bonds, Cullen, strangely enough, deepened and heightened his poetry motivated by race. A long poem, "Heritage", brings out this point. The last stanza, I believe, will be sufficient to show the merit of the poem:

All day long and all night through,
One thing only must I do:
Quench my pride and cool my blood,
Lest I perish in the flood.
Lest a hidden ember set
Timber that I thought was wet
Burning like the driest flax,
Melting like the merest wax,
Lest the grave restore its dead.
Not yet has my heart or head
In the least way realized
They and I are civilized.

The poem, "To You Who Read My Book" by Countee Cullen, reveals him as a critic of life.

Soon every sprinter
However fleet
Comes to a winter
Of sure defeat;
Though he may race
Like the hunted doe,
Time has a pace
To lay him low.

Soon we who sing,
However high,
Must face the Thing
We cannot fly,
Yea, though we fling
Our notes to the sun
Time will outsing
Us everyone.

All things must change
As the wind is blown.

Our own Boston has given us William Stanley Braithwaite, who has become one of the foremost literary critics of his race. The lovely mood, tempo, and tone quality of "Sic Vita" make it as delightful to the ear as to the intellect:

Heart free, hand free,
Blue above, brown under,
All the world to me
Is a place of wonder.
Sunshine, moonshine,
Stars and winds ablowing
All into this heart of mine,
Flowing, flowing, flowing.

Mind free, step free,
Days to follow after,
Joys of life sold to me
For the price of laughter.
Girl's love, man's love,
Love of work and duty,
Just a will of God's to prove,
Beauty, beauty, beauty!

English critics discovered a pure-blooded Negro in Jamaica writing poetry of unusually high caliber. This Negro, Claude McKay, came to America, studied at Kansas State College, and became recognized for his true worth. He portrays Negro life far more vividly than any of his contemporaries. His "After the Winter" has been one of my favorites since I had the opportunity to hear it read by a young negro attending the University of Michigan. This chap, with the greatest artistry, kept the verses rolling one after the other and by his rich voice, peculiar to folks of his race, established the nostalgic mood of the poem:

Some day, when trees have shed their leaves,
And against the morning's white
The shivering birds beneath the eaves
Have sheltered for the night,
We'll turn our faces southward, love,
Toward the summer isle
Where bamboos spire the shafted grove
And wide-mouthed orchids smile.
And we will seek the quiet hill
Where towers the cotton tree,
And leaps the laughing crystal rill,
And works the droning bee,
And we will build a cottage there
Beside an open glade,
With black-ribbed blue bells blowing near,
And ferns that never fade.

Certainly, no appreciation of negro poetry, however meager, would be completed without mentioning Langston Hughes. He was born in Missouri in 1902. Since then he has lived in six different states, travelled in Mexico, the Canary Islands, the West Coast of Africa, Holland, and Paris. With far more wealth of experience than pecuniary wealth, he turned to poetry for expression of a sensitive nature. "Poems, for Langston Hughes, are occasional outbursts of feelings, moods and dreams, or else they are definite experiments to express universal and racial rhythms, shot through with deep emotional experience." Poetic genius and a rich singing quality make them popular. For a study of the past of the Negro, his poem "The Negro Speaks of Rivers" is inspiring:

I've known rivers;
I've known rivers ancient as the world and older than
the flow of human blood in human veins.
My soul has grown deep like the rivers.

I bathed in the Euphrates when dawns were young,
I built my hut near the Congo and it lulled me to sleep.
I looked upon the Nile and raised the Pyramids above it.

I heard the singing of the Mississippi when Abe Lincoln
went down to New Orleans, and I've seen its muddy
bosom turn all golden in the sunset.

I've known rivers;
Ancient, dusky rivers.
My soul has grown deep like the rivers.

With this last poem we close our bird's eye view of the poetry of the Negro in America, a poetry which will continue to challenge America for its deserved place among American lyrics.

TENTH FLOOR

Eileen Tosney, '43

CHESTER POTTER drew the hood over the battered typewriter, swept pencils, pens, and pads into the yawning drawer, and slammed it shut triumphantly. He looked about the office with a new interest. It was the interest of a man about to bid a farewell, temporary though it be, to something familiar and intimate.

The office was large and airy. It was furnished in a quiet, simple, old-fashioned taste. It breathed of the age and dignity associated with everything and everyone connected with the firm of *Lawrence, Lawrence, and Barker, Insurance Agents*. The main office was equipped with solid, sturdy, oaken desks, ugly, though extremely comfortable, swivel chairs, and bulky filing cabinets, bearing metal labels stamped 1885. Outside the swinging gate was the waiting room, containing two deep-seated leather armchairs and a leather settee.

"Mr. Potter, I do hope that you will have an enjoyable vacation." A soft voice stirred Chester from his observation.

"Thank you, Miss Gray," Chester answered.

Katherine Gray had been with the firm as long as Chester could remember. It was twenty years ago today since he had first entered these offices, a young man of thirty-five, full of high ambition and bright hope. She had greeted him, then, from the very desk which she now occupied. Her hair was dark, then, a rich brown, he remembered. She had been pretty, little resembling the prim, staid white-haired woman he now knew so well. Something of his youthful exuberance

must have displayed itself, for she smiled at him in a friendly manner as she said:

"I do hope that enthusiasm is lasting. Usually it wears off after the first year. I know. I've been here for three years now."

Chester smiled wryly now as he recalled the protestations that had followed her remark. His enthusiasm would never die! Oh no . . . He remembered very distinctly the day it had taken a heavy fall. For some time, he had noticed the single rose which graced Katherine's desk every day. He had often thought about it, but never dared to ask. Katherine Gray, herself, offered the explanation. How well he remembered the occasion. She had been depressed that day, and evidently desirous of companionship. She had asked him to lunch with her. As Chester had noticed her dejection, he accepted the invitation with alacrity. Seated at a table in a little Italian restaurant, Katherine had confided in him.

"I suppose you are wondering why I asked you to lunch, Mr. Potter?" she began.

"I noticed that you seemed to be depressed, so I thought that you would like companionship."

"I do want someone to talk with, Mr. Potter. But I would also like to give you some advice."

"Advice, Miss Gray?"

"Yes. Get out of *Lawrence, Lawrence, and Barker*. Get another job; any kind of a job. But get out!"

"I don't understand, Miss Gray."

"There are many things you don't understand. Have you noticed the fresh rose on my desk every morning?"

"Well, yes, I have. I've wondered about it often."

"It's a gift from Mr. Gately."

"From Gately?"

Surprise toned Chester's voice. He could not believe that John Gately, his co-worker, was capable of such—well, such gallantry. He appeared so meek, so unobtrusive, even timid. What would seem a natural gesture for another man ranked as bold for Mr. Gately.

"Yes. John and I have been engaged now for seven years. Imagine—seven years! Isn't that funny?"

"No, no, of course not, Miss Gray. But . . ."

"I know, you're wondering why we haven't married. Mr. Potter, could you marry on your salary?"

"What?"

The question startled him.

"Could you marry on your salary?" she repeated.

"Why, no; no, I couldn't."

"Neither can John. He receives the same as you. And you know the firm's rule about married women. They cannot be employed."

Her voice broke. Her fingers gripped the fork tightly. She bowed her neat head for a moment, but quickly regained her composure.

"This morning, John asked Mr. Barker for the raise that had been promised him for so long. He was refused. Mr. Barker gave additional expenses as the reason, but that wasn't it. It merely served as an excuse. Of course, he mentioned the promise of a raise in the future. He's been doing that for years. And John has been so faithful and conscientious. How could they do such a thing to him?"

"Perhaps Mr. Barker will reconsider," said Chester.

"Reconsider? Oh no, he won't reconsider. Now can't you see why you should get away? You're in the same rut

as John and I. And you'll stay there for the next twenty years unless you do something about it."

"But what can I do about it? Where can I get another job? This one may not pay so well, but it is steady."

"You sound just like John," Miss Gray said wearily as, gathering her gloves and purse, she rose from her chair. "Perhaps you had better forget what I said."

All that had been many years ago. But Chester had never forgotten the conversation. It had remained in his mind, latent for the most part, but always there, ready to spring up and taunt him as time proved that she was right. He was in a rut; a deep, monotonous rut.

Then there was the day he had ventured to ask for a raise. As he entered Mr. Barker's office, the vision of John Gately came before his eyes. He resolutely banished it. He would not allow himself to be defeated before the attempt.

"Yes, Potter. What is it?" Mr. Barker sounded impatient.

"Mr. Barker, it's about that raise. You promised me some time that . . ."

"Yes, yes. Well, I'm sorry. Afraid we can't manage it. Higher expenses, and all that, you know."

Returning to his work, he had dismissed Chester with a wave of his hand.

Again, Chester recalled the day of Robert Parker's resignation. Parker was the office manager, a gruff but kind old man, and a close friend of Chester's. He had told Chester that he intended to recommend him to Mr. Barker as his successor. Chester knew that he was sincere in his intention. He would never forget the hopelessness that swept his being when Douglas Lawrence, a grandnephew of the senior member of the firm, was appointed manager.

Chester Potter, clerk at *Lawrence, Lawrence, and Barker*,

Inc., at \$25.00 a week, for life . . . for life . . . for life! The phrase filled his mind. Ambition, desire, hope, all fled before this growing beast of despair.

At last, some degree of hope had been meted out to him through a letter he received from his cousin Steve, who lived in California. It told him of the opening of an airplane factory in Los Angeles. Unskilled workers were being taken on at an unbelievable rate. He had memorized one section of the letter:

“. . . Look here, old man, you've had some experience in draftsmanship. Chuck up that old job you're smothering in, and come out here. I promise you'll be employed in no time. The wages are great; \$50 and \$60 a week. But you had better come at once.”

Chester had finally decided. His twentieth anniversary as an employee of *Lawrence, Lawrence, and Barker, Inc.*, would be next week. He would ask Mr. Barker for a month's vacation, in recognition of that event. He did not see how a refusal was possible, since he had not taken a vacation for three years. He would go to Los Angeles, investigate the possibilities of a job, and if he were successful, he would resign from his old position. Chester was carefully prudent. He would not risk quitting his old job until the new one was assured him. He had exactly \$853.92 in his bank account. That would be more than enough for his expenses. A sense of exhilaration possessed him. He was an adventurer, with an adventurer's feeling of freedom and hope.

Mr. Barker had not been difficult. He had consented readily enough to Chester's request.

“However, Mr. Potter, it is the policy of the firm never to pay its employees while they are on vacation. If you wish to accept that ruling, I am willing that you have the time.”

Chester accepted.

"Well, pleasant vacation, Chester." John Gately extended his hand, and smiled a little enviously.

He felt sorry for John at that moment. He looked worn-out, lonely, defeated; unable to have that which he most desired, marriage with Katherine Gray. He wasn't going to allow that to happen to himself. He was going to have what he wanted. He watched the stooped, discouraged figure of Gately as he turned back to his littered desk. Perhaps it was because Gately seemed more dejected than usual, perhaps it was because of his own hopefulness, at any rate, some impulse made Chester go to his co-worker. Gately looked up:

"Why aren't you leaving, Chester? If I were you, I'd be running, not walking, out of here."

"John, why don't you marry Katherine Gray?" Chester blurted out.

"What? What made you ask that?"

"Oh, I don't know. Well, why don't you?" Chester insisted.

"Are you trying to be funny? You know very well why I can't marry her. I haven't the money."

"Haven't you any saved?"

"Yes. Between the two of us, we have \$1200. We've been saving to buy a small printing business in Carter. But it looks as though we'll never manage to own it. The real estate agent told me last week that some Chicagoan was interested in it, and seemed likely to buy it. He is to give his final answer next week."

"What's the price of the printing business?"

"Oh, \$2000," John answered despairingly. "If it is sold next week, our hope of ever being married will be gone. But what am I doing, burdening you with my troubles. Go

on. Get out of here. Get started on that vacation, and have a good time."

"Eh? Oh, yes . . . Well, goodbye, John. And good luck, old man," he added, as he shook hands. Chester struggled into his coat and walked towards the door.

"Goodbye, again. Goodbye, Miss Gray," as he passed her desk.

"Goodbye."

The word echoed in his mind long after the door had closed.

"Going down, sir?"

Chester Potter stepped into the elevator.

"Ninth Floor."

It was too bad about Gately and Miss Gray. Chester knew what it was to face a dismal future, to have his hopes dashed to bits like a ship upon piercing rocks. Yes, he knew. But all that was in the past. Now he had hope, hope!

"Eighth Floor."

But that old couple (he hadn't realized how old they were until today) scarcely knew what hope meant. Here, what was the matter with him! He had his vacation and his future to think about.

"Seventh Floor."

It would be nice in California. He had always wished to visit the West, to feel the sun warming his whole being, to relax under blue and cheerful skies, to be free of the stuffiness of *Lawrence, Lawrence, and Barker, Inc.*

"Sixth Floor."

Two thousand dollars, eh? It was a shame that they could not get that eight hundred that would turn them on the road to happiness. If only they had some friend who could

lend them the sum. But who had eight hundred dollars to give away in these days?

"Fifth Floor."

Eight hundred dollars! Why that was the amount he had drawn from the bank this morning. He had it in his pocket this very minute. He plunged his hand into his pocket to reassure himself. Yes, it was there. It wasn't only eight hundred dollars to him—it was freedom!

"Fourth Floor."

It would be more than freedom for them, though. It would be marriage, a home, a profitable business; it would be life! Wouldn't it be wonderful for him to give them that life. No, that was out of the question. He had planned and dreamed, dreamed and planned this escape. He couldn't sacrifice it now, when all he desired lay before him.

"Third Floor."

No . . . no . . .

"Second Floor."

N—o—o

"Ground Floor. All out. Hey, Mister, it's the ground floor. All out."

"Yes, I know. But you see I don't want to get out. Tenth floor, please."

PRODIGAL

Eleanore R. Whitney, '42

France, France, how like a wandering child
You strayed, guilt-nation, from your Sire;
Like, too, a lusty renegade, mad, wild,
You plunged in Revolution's mire.

Through famined years of wanderlust,
Ignorer, sad, of Lourdean grace,
Too loose your smoke screen: Atheist dust
Marred Christianity's face.

Starving, you fed upon the husks
Of swine. Now hearts with penance fill,
Your Father's love-light breaks the dusk,
Arise! Come home! He loves you still!

BOOMERANG

Marie McCabe, '43

“OH, Jimmie, may I have your autograph?”

“Oh, Jimmie, please come to our house dance next Friday night.”

“Oh, Jimmie, how does it feel to have everyone depending on you to win the big game this afternoon?”

“Oh, Jimmie!”

“Oh, Jimmie!”

Jimmie Allen grinned at the adoring girls hanging on his arms and dogging his footsteps along the street. He replied to them with a studied nonchalance, but to himself he could not deny that their adulation thrilled him.

“Oh, it’s all in the day’s work, Mary. Sure, I’ll go to the dance, Joan, if someone invites me.”

This last remark was greeted by a chorus of giggles. Every girl on the campus would give up her last pair of Nylon stockings without a whimper in return for the honor of arriving at a dance on Jimmie Allen’s arm, and Jimmie knew it.

They had now reached Jimmie’s fraternity house, and breaking away from his admirers, he sprinted up the steps, calling back over his shoulder, “So long, girls. Don’t forget to wave to me at the game this afternoon.”

Slamming the door, he ran up the stairs three at a time, and burst into his room. He flipped his hat across the bed, watched it graze off the bed-post and settle on the floor, and then sank into a chair. Only then he noticed his room-

mate, assistant manager of the team, who was standing, his back to the door, staring moodily out the window.

"What's the matter, Bill? You look as if you had just discovered that you had sent your cuffs to the laundry the morning of a history quiz."

Bill smiled a sickly sort of smile, as he peered near-sightedly over his glasses.

"There's nothing the matter. Only, about the victory dance tonight . . ."

He caught the smug grin which Jimmie couldn't quite suppress at hearing these words.

"Oh, what the heck's the use of telling you," he growled. "You wouldn't understand," and he strode savagely from the room.

Jimmie whistled at this departure, so unusual for the ordinarily calm and self-possessed Bill Daly. It must be something really serious, to get him so aroused. Oh, well . . .

He strolled over to the mirror and looked at the pleasing reflection that confronted him there. The tall young man with the wavy blonde hair, merry blue eyes, disarming smile, and broad shoulders never had any trouble getting a date. Maybe if he had thought, he could have found a blind date for Bill. Perhaps even now . . . Let's see . . . There was Margie, or Alice . . . no, she was going with Dick. Well, how about Peggy, or Edith . . .

The loud clanging of the dinner-bell interrupted his reverie, and putting Bill and his troubles out of his mind, he raced down the stairs and into the dining-room, mingling with a score of other boy athletes who were now taking their places around the well-laden table.

The loud conversation settled down to a low murmur, enlivened by the clatter of silverware on dishes and an occa-

sional yell of, "Hey, down there, pass the bread," or an outraged "What's the matter, are you keeping a couple of starving Armenians under the table? There'll be another meal tonight; don't get panicky."

The meal was half over when Bill Daly entered, slid quietly into his place, and began toying with his food, his eyes fixed religiously on his plate. His late entrance and his silence made him the object of much raillery, and before the others had finished, he pushed aside his plate and abruptly left the table. A few moments later, Jimmie also arose and rejoined his friend in their room. Bill was sitting on the side of the bed, his elbows resting on his knees, his head buried in his hands. He glanced up as Jimmie entered, then looked down again. A twinge of pity stirred the athlete as he beheld the miserable boy before him. He seated himself beside his friend, flung one arm over the other's shoulders, and began to speak in what he fondly believed to be a fatherly tone.

"Now, look here, Bill, don't let it get you down. You shouldn't be discouraged so easily. Be like me; make her go with you. Don't take no for an answer."

"You can get away with it. All the girls on the campus are crazy about you, and you know it."

Jimmie dismissed this with a shrug.

"They'd be crazy about you, too, if you used the right tactics, you know, cave-man stuff. Try it and see. It won't do any harm to make the attempt, anyway."

Bill straightened up, determination in his glance and in the set of his thin shoulders.

"Maybe you've got something there, at that," he conceded. "I'm going to try."

As the door closed firmly behind him, Jimmie burst into

laughter at the picture of timid Bill Daly rushing into a girl's presence and demanding that she go to a dance with him. Maybe he shouldn't have given him that advice. It would be a good joke, though.

His eye suddenly fell on the clock, and he noticed that the time of the game was rapidly approaching.

I'd better get started, he thought. He left for the football field, receiving encouraging comments from the fraternity brothers as he passed through the house, onto the front porch, and down the stairs.

Halfway to the stadium a sudden thought struck him, and he stopped short. He had completely forgotten to call Anne and make it definite about the victory dance that night!

"Oh, well," he mused, as he continued his progress, "she knows that I intended to ask her, and she certainly wouldn't make any other date until she was sure I'd asked someone else."

On this comforting note he arrived at the stadium, and in the excitement which reigned in the field-house, he put all thoughts of the coming evening into the back of his mind.

When he ran onto the gridiron with the rest of the team, smartly uniformed in bright blue and gold, a storm of applause greeted him. As he acknowledged it with a wave of his hand and an engaging grin, his eyes swept the stands in an effort to find Anne. He could not locate her, but, after all, there were about fifty thousand people there. It was no wonder if one small, slim, grey-eyed, red-head became lost in the crowd.

The opposing captains were now in the center of the field. The coin was tossed, the winner chose the goal he wished to defend, and the championship game began. For the first

exciting quarter, the play went back and forth from one end of the field to the other, as each team fought relentlessly. Their hopes were pinned high on this all-important game, and every man was determined to play as he had never played before.

Mid-way in the second period, Jimmie happened to glance up into the stands again. His gaze froze at what he saw. Anne, sitting on the fifty-yard line, was apparently conducting an animated conversation with an attentive young man. Suddenly, he heard his teammates shouting, "Jim! Wake up!" and the ball was passed to him. It came straight into his hands, but his nerveless fingers refused to grasp it, and it slipped to the ground, where three of the opponents immediately fell on it. Dismayed by this sudden disaster, Jim's team did not regain its composure in time for the next play, and their rivals easily eluded them for the first score of the game.

As the half ended, Jim and his fellows trotted disconsolately to the field-house. A few slapped him on the back, with a hearty "Buck up, everyone makes mistakes," but the rest were too disheartened to attempt to encourage anyone. Jim sat hunched over on a bench, while the coach delivered one of the pep talks for which he was famous. His successive appeals to their school spirit, team spirit, and individual pride fell on at least one pair of deaf ears, as Jim mentally upbraided himself for his blunder. Seeing the star's preoccupied air, the coach tried a new attack, delivering a volley of sarcasm directed toward "players who rest on their laurels in the middle of a game"; but even that failed to rouse Jim, and he was still in a rather foggy state of mind when the team sprinted onto the field for the second half. The

absence of the cheers which had greeted him before served only to increase his gloom.

Suddenly he heard the opposing left guard inquire, in a loud voice, "Which one is supposed to be the great Jimmie Allen?"

The opposing tackle replied, "I don't know; he didn't bring his scrapbook with him this time."

Something snapped inside Jimmie's brain. So they were laughing at him, were they? Well, he'd show them!

From that moment, Jimmie played an inspired game, and the excited fans cheered themselves hoarse as they finally saw what they had come to see, the great Jimmie Allen in action. When the game was over, Jim's team was victorious by a score of 21 to 7, and Jimmie, the hero, was carried down the field on the shoulders of jubilant teammates and admirers. His thoughts, however, returned to Anne. Who was that man she had been with at the game? After all, that sight had made him almost lose the championship game.

As he showered and dressed, after finally breaking away from the mob which threatened never to let him go, he planned what he would say to Anne when he called to take her to the dance that night. He would confront her with it at once, and would demand the name of her escort of the afternoon. . . . No, perhaps it would be better to wait and see if she mentioned it herself. If he said nothing about it, she would not know that it was his jealousy of her which had caused his fumble. After all, his policy was to keep her guessing as to the state of his affections. . . . But then, maybe she would say nothing at all about the afternoon, and he felt he simply had to know who his rival was. Well, her attitude when he called for her would determine his course of action.

Although he dressed with unusual care that evening, he was nevertheless ready quite early. Bill Daly was still struggling feverishly with his bow-tie as Jimmie left the room. Half-way to Anne's house, he suddenly paused. It wouldn't do to arrive so early. Having retraced his steps until he reached a little park, he walked slowly around the beautiful spot, then made his way to Anne's house. As her mother opened the door, in answer to his ring, she gazed at him in astonishment.

"Why, Jimmie! Er—won't you come in?"

Jimmie stepped inside, laid his hat on the hall table, and strolled into the living-room. He had just seated himself when the bell pealed again, and he heard Anne's mother say:

"Come in, Bill. Anne will be right down."

At almost the same moment, Anne descended the stairs. Jimmie involuntarily gasped at the vision of loveliness she made. A pale green gown, just the shade to enhance the red of her simply dressed hair, billowed about her slim ankles. The lovely grey eyes widened in amazement as they traveled from Bill Daly at the foot of the stairs to Jimmie Allen standing in the living-room doorway.

"Just a moment, Bill," she murmured. "I'll be right with you."

She walked over to Jimmie.

"How are you?" she inquired pleasantly. "I'm awfully glad you dropped in. I was hoping for a chance to congratulate you on the wonderful game you played this afternoon."

"Thanks," replied Jimmie. Then, "What do you mean 'Dropped in'? Aren't you going to the dance with me to-night?"

"With you? But you didn't ask me," answered Anne, sweetly.

"You knew I wanted you to go with me."

"I was hesitating about it, but when Bill came in this afternoon, and just demanded that I go with him, I couldn't say no. You know how I like the strong-man type."

Jimmie turned away to hide the disappointment in his eyes. After all, he had only himself to blame. He had encouraged Bill this afternoon, secretly anticipating the laugh that would be caused when the story spread. Now, the joke was on him. Everyone would know about this tomorrow. With an effort, he spoke.

"Well, have a good time tonight; I don't think I'll go."

He suddenly remembered something.

"Anne, that wasn't Bill whom you went to the game with this afternoon? Who was it?"

"Game this afternoon?" repeated Anne, a puzzled frown wrinkling her lovely brow, "I went alone."

"Now, listen, Anne. I looked up at you and you were chatting with some man."

"Oh, I dropped my program, and the man next to me picked it up. We discussed the team for a moment; that must have been when you saw me."

With a cheery good-night, she and Bill departed, leaving a chagrined Jimmie firmly resolving never to give any more advice, well-intentioned or otherwise.

NIGHT BALM

Dorothy E. Vincent, '42

I wondered what the silent night could bring
To bless a day so filled with peaceful thought.
The sun had risen as a haloed ring,
As if in promise of the joy it brought.
High on pied-patterned sky, clouds lovely, white,
Like elfin ships on faery seas sped by.
I saw the evening heralding the night
Steal softly o'er the earth and dim the sky.
The night was here, a call to rest again,
To heal the hurts of those who needed balm;
And soft she touched the brows of sleeping men
With star-dust fingertips. All felt her calm.
Her dusky beauty spent—now signs of dawn
Broke through her sable pall. All hail the morn!

MUCH ADO

Doris M. Richard, '43

A LITTLE green coupé sped dangerously over the road trenched with furrows and strewn with rocks. Penny Barton, the girl at the wheel, was lost. Hills loomed up before her way, their softly wooded sides giving them the appearance of furry beasts herded there to block the path. Raindrops spat upon the windshield. Suddenly, a loud clap of thunder interrupted her absorption. By degrees, she became aware of her plight. Night gloom began to settle over the surroundings. What would happen if dark overtook her in this strange place? She pressed her foot hard on the gas. The car bounced and bumped forward, shaking her control.

"This is a cruel world," she proclaimed to the windshield as she blinked back a tear. Then out of nowhere, Penny saw a figure before her on the road. Her firm, steady foot found the brake pedal. The speed was slackened. The car slid to a dead stop. Penny opened the window and spoke to the wayfarer.

"Pardon me, sir. Could you tell me where I am . . . or where the State road is . . . or how to get out of here? I think I'm lost."

A clear, well-cultivated voice replied: "Well that's just like a woman. Oh, you are a woman. Really? I'm sorry. Despite my boorishness, I can show you how to weave out of this wilderness. I can't explain to you the direction, but if you will just move over, I'll hop in and aright the wrong."

Penny was alarmed by this suggestion. Then calling up

all her courage, she stepped from the coupé and stood before a tall, well-dressed, though rain-drenched young man. As he lifted his hat gallantly, Penny saw a shock of blond hair that needed the kind offices of comb and brush. After a quick glance at him, Penny found her voice.

"I'll have you know, sir, that I am not in the habit of picking up every stranger that happens to cross my path."

At this squirt of temper, the young man stood a little puzzled by her tone and her words.

"Listen, lady. I was minding my own business. You came along and asked for help. I want a ride. You want to know how to get out of here. We're both going in the same direction. What could be simpler than that we both go together?"

Penny remained motionless and speechless for a while. Her inherited Irish temper was just about to burst into flaming words, when a very loud clap of thunder shook her with fear.

"Very well. Get in. But remember I'm letting you do so because when it comes to following given directions I am hopeless. Hurry. Let's get started. The storm is about to burst in fury."

As if the storm were awaiting those words, it broke ragingly and tumultuously. The green coupé cautiously found its way along the rocky country road, taking, in its passing, every bump.

"Turn right . . . bear left . . . second lane on the right . . . that's it. Now straight ahead until you hit Cover City. That's just about an hour's ride."

Automatically Penny's fingers had found the knob of the radio. The strains of soft, sweet music filled the car. The

peace within made the stormy world without seem less real. They sat silent, and let the music flow over their beings.

Penny wanted to talk to this attractive stranger. Instead of yielding to that impulse, she busied herself by thinking of him. Who is he? He makes an appearance that would meet with approval. He is dressed quite well. But there is something about his mouth that would indicate hardness. I wonder if it is a natural expression? Perhaps the knocks of life have trenched it so. The way he spoke to me. He certainly has an impressive way of expressing himself. He's outspoken. That's what I admire in a man. Perhaps he is running away from something. He is seemingly too much of a gentleman to be a criminal. But one can't tell by appearances. Now why should my thought turn on that line? He's probably a salesman, or a prize-fighter. Could he be a criminal? Or a killer? What's that? The radio:

"Flash . . . escaped from State Prison, Killer Marshall. Blond, blue eyes, suave manner, six feet two. Headed for Cover City, State road. All cars be on lookout."

Penny resolutely pressed her foot on the accelerator. The car sped along, faster, faster.

He's looking at me. He's alarmed. He knows I know who he is. Whatever shall I do? He's going to speak. Oh, what will he say!

"You're driving quite fast. Shouldn't you be a little more cautious on slippery roads? And it is very dark."

Ahead, Penny saw a lighted building. She'd stop. She'd let it be known who he is. She'd just drive cautiously along, and quietly turn the car into the driveway. They are getting nearer. In a minute they will be there. She'd turn the wheel now . . .

"Would you mind dropping me here? This is Cover City

Hospital. I'm Doctor Thompson. My car broke down while I was making a call. I decided to head for the highway, and then use the 'road travelers' system. Luckily you came along. I held out on you. Wouldn't give you the satisfaction of knowing who I am. I . . . Don't you feel well? You're pale and wobbly. Miss er . . . Oh, tut tut, she's fainted. Must have some nervous disorder."

SIGNIFICANCE

Catherine V. Healy, '42

To one who deep-panged sorrow long has borne
Life undergoes a change of mighty sweep;
Like metamorphosis of once dull worm
When it emerges from its cocoon-sleep.
Yes, the world shows its glories freshly fair
To one who by long suffering has learned
The worth of Heaven's gifts, the free, the rare,
With surcease of the pain so deeply burned.

Time still goes on regardless of life's grief,
And opens up new pleasures, new-born joys
Which seek to lull the past in quiet sleep,
And call that gold though mixed with base alloys.
Life yet takes on a deep significance
To one not piping to its light-foot dance.

BRAVERY

I

THE air was dense with fog and smoke over the Royal Air Force hangar at Croydon Field. Dawn was still one hour away. David Humphries was reclining in the mess hall when a voice came through the loud speaker:

"Squadron A, scramble to 22,000 feet at 22 degrees due West."

Crushing out his half-smoked cigarette, David jumped up. In one mad dash he was at his plane, giving it the final last-minute check-up; then, into his parachute and shouting to the ground crew who never seem to work fast enough: "I'll start it myself, you blub . . ." The rest was lost in the *cough, cough* of the motor.

The Spitfire, which David is flying this morning, is one of the fastest things ever taken up in the air. *Cough, sput, cough, sput . . .* the motor at last catches. Down the runway *The Spitfire* races at twice its normal speed. Up goes the landing gear. Slam goes the hatch. Over now . . . over . . . that's it; right in formation, flying tight, David's eyes are glued on the leader. The radio starts working immediately. The code name, today, is *Sorbo*.

"Hello, *Sorbo* leader. Hello, *Sorbo* leader."

Then comes the answer: "Receiving you loud and clear. Have you any information?"

"Hello, *Sorbo* leader. Scramble to 20,000 feet due West. Many, many Bandits."

David looks down. Sure enough there is a whole squadron of Messerschmitts. When these are seen, the bombers and pursuit planes are not far off.

Up . . . up . . . climbing . . . climbing. Now levelling off . . . flying by the throttle; opening and closing it to keep in correct formation. Just for a second, David lets the stick go and reaches out to the dashboard to turn on more oxygen.

"Boy! that feels good."

In the second, however, out of nowhere it seemed, came a whole new flock of Bandits, *Dornier 17's*.

"Sorbo calling. All right, Dave. Weave!"

When a squadron leader says "weave", that means trouble and plenty of it. The rest of the boys are flying ahead in close formation, while David by weaving protects their tails.

Again comes the cry: "Many, many more Bandits." Over and over, the same cry pierces the pilot's earphones.

In the meantime, the sun had risen and succeeded in bursting through the fog and clouds until it became a sharp, blinding light.

David looks up. He has to see, he has to see through that light. What are they? 109's probably. They look like them. Look! Here are more bombers . . . over their pursuit planes . . . all rushing straight for him. Suddenly, from above a Jugger 88 bombs, screeching and screaming. One bomb, then another, then another. That last one tears by the right wing, miraculously leaving it intact.

The Spitfire rocks and rolls. The motor sputters. Engine trouble? Hope not. Now for that 109. Too late to try to climb; too dangerous to dive . . . might crash into one of our own planes. Quickly, David turns the switch marked "Safe" to "Fire", and lets go a volley of ammunition. The Jugger goes off screaming, careening . . . down . . . down . . . down . . . until . . .

"Oh, my God! Frank, the squadron leader, is just beneath the Jugger. He'll be killed! Pull up, *Sorbo*. Pull up, *Sorbo*." But the radio has gone dead. Nothing else to do, but . . . Down, down, he goes. 20,000 feet . . . 18,000 feet . . . 15,000 feet, 10,000 feet . . . down, down. With one terrific lunge, he manages to catch Frank's attention. He signals him to dive. "Dive, dive, man!" Swerving to the right he escapes. David seeing that Frank is safe attempts to follow the same tactics. But while waiting for Frank to clear, the Jugger bore down on him, a screaming mass of flames! Both plunge down, down. *Crash* . . . Dead silence.

The dispatch read at the morning roll cited David Humphries as "killed in action while defending his country." Around the charred mass of debris stood the chaplain. "Greater love than this no man hath that a man lay down his life for a friend"; so rang out the loud, clear voice of the chaplain.

"Ready! Fire!" came the command.

Amid the booming of guns and the mournful sounds of *Taps*, the Officers and men of Squadron A stand at attention, saluting their dead comrade, who was great in life but greater in death.

Gloria J. Hartford, '43

II

Mrs. O'Reardon's pudgy finger moved across the rows of numbers only as rapidly as her husky voice would allow her to breathe out each digit.

"Nine-six-cipher-five, seven-six-four-one, nine-seven-six-five, four-four-nine-cipher."

She was alone in her crowded kitchen. The ancient stove which bulged under the strain of long years of carrying the

burden of pots and pans, stood quiet but expectant under the partly-filled kettle of water, the uncooked greens, and the silent steak. Mrs. O'Reardon supported her arms weightily on the table. It swayed towards the wall. The over-stuffed chair, which would have been out of place in any kitchen except this one, stood as if dejected. It had breathed out its last squeak as Mrs. O'Reardon fell heavily into it. The soap-stone sink, usually noisy about its duties, did not give even a reassuring trickle of usefulness. Nothing in the room was as usual. In the protection of this quiet, Mrs. O'Reardon abandoned her jovial demeanor.

Two - seven - one - cipher, two - nine - three - nine, two - four - five - one." (Oh God, don't let them take my boy!) "Three - three - cipher - five, two - nine - eight - one, three - five - nine - four, *three - five - nine - four*, THREE - FIVE - NINE - FOUR !!

"Oh no, God. They can't take away my Danny. Jerry's gone. Pete's gone. Mary and Alice are gone. It's all alone I'll be, God, if they take my Danny."

"You know," she mumbled, "I used to say I was glad that Jerry left the mite of money that he did, for Danny had it, then, to go to school on. Where I'd have got the money if he hadn't left it, I don't know. It cost a bit to feed my growing lad, and keep him in the clothes which Jerry would have wanted him to have upon his back. It was always hard, but, all the time I knew it was just what Jerry would have wanted. Not the nice things for me that other ladies want . . . but just that all went well for Danny. And *now*, dear God, it seems all that's been wasted. Jerry's left me that income, so now they say that I can't be Danny's dependent. He'll soon be gone. I'll be here and lonesome."

"Every day I cook a meal, I'll ask why Danny is not here

to eat it. Every time I'll see his books, I'll weep that he is not here to read them. Every time I clean his room, I'll wish it needed it more. Every night I go to bed, I'll know he's lying down somewhere cold, that he needs someone who loves him near, and that I'm lonesome. Every time the door bangs open, I'll run to get his supper, and then, I'll know he won't be here to eat it. Dear God, every time I . . .

The door slammed.

Mrs. O'Reardon jumped to her feet releasing the plush cushion and the slanted table. She rushed to the stove and set the water in the kettle to whistling, set the greens to bubbling, and the steak to sizzling. As the bright-eyed Danny entered the room, Mrs. O'Reardon was washing dishes in the sink, and the faucet was splashing merrily.

"Danny, lucky boy. Did you know your number has been called in the first hundred? Just think, lad, you'll be going first. You'll get the best choice of everything. Pretty proud I'll be of you when you've gone in your handsome uniform!"

Dorothy Hurley, '44

MAGIC

Myra A. Roberts, '42

I can make the rain drops sparkle in the sun,
Just by saying it's so;
I can build night skies overflowed with stars
And gather every one—
That is, all of them that wander too low,
In their bright golden cars!

I can raise temples and brown Buddhas fat,
In forest clearings green;
Where sacred dragons of old carven stone,
That for ages have sat,
The snarling guardians of the quiet scene,
Dream on silent, alone.

I can make fountains where the bright nymphs play,
Bubbling out of the ground;
Where the bright nymphs play, and soft music sighs,
All the night and the day,
In a spot that none but the moon has found,
Smiling down from the skies.

I can do all this; can I not do more,
Much, oh, much more than this?
Can I not, with my magic, find a way
With my mystical lore,
A manner of speaking, so none can miss
Just what I want to say?

OVERHEARD

Lorraine Fidler, '43

AUTUMN gusts were blowing patches of multicolored leaves across the campus. Diane Barrett tripped gaily up the Library steps. Her wide smile and sparkling eyes gave evidence of ill-suppressed excitement and joy. Tonight she was going to the dance with the finest looking boy of her acquaintance, who was also the best dancer of her crowd.

She entered the Library. She soon reached the alcove where the reference books for French class were kept. Though the quarters were small, the place was entirely quiet. Diana soon settled down to reading the matter for next day's class. Suddenly her absorption was broken in upon by the sound of voices. That deep, vibrant voice was familiar. It roused her to alertness. She knew it was the voice of Dick. As she did not wish to listen, she settled down to study once more. In a few moments her attention was caught and held by a sentence that made her quiver:

"And so you want to be a priest?" That's what a kindly sympathetic voice was saying.

"Yes, Father." The answer came in the unmistakable tones of Dick's voice. "If I only could be a Jesuit, I am sure that I would not only find my true place in the world, but I would also find the greatest personal happiness."

Diane could listen no longer. A shocked little cry alone betrayed her emotion. Without waiting to gather up her books, she dashed from the Library. Tears filled her eyes. All the way back to the dormitory, she tortured herself by

question after question. Should she go to the dance? Should she let Dick know that she had overheard? Must she break a beautiful friendship that had begun in their Freshman year and had grown into something very precious by now?

She plunged her hands deeper into her jacket pockets. In the hazy stillness of the Fall twilight, she dejectedly reached the dormitory entrance. After much pondering, she decided to go through with the dance.

"Say, Di, what on earth's the matter with you?" questioned her inquisitive roommate. "You should be bursting with joy. Wish I had Dick for a steady."

"I have a slight headache," answered Diane unconvincingly. Her hand trembled slightly as she lifted her blue tulle gown over her head. She put the last touches to her shining hair, the last soft pat to her make-up. Pinning on her corsage of gardenias, she mused: you are very lovely, almost symbolic of the romance of Dick and me—beautiful, fragrant, short-lived.

Taking up her wrap, she went down the stairs to meet Dick who awaited her in the parlor. Her heart sank when she saw him, for it was only now that she realized how much she loved him; now, when she would have to relinquish him.

Dick's appraising look met hers. How lovely she looks tonight, he thought. The blue of that dress intensified the blue of her eyes. Yet she seemed aloof somehow, and that aloofness baffled him.

The orchestra was playing a Strauss waltz. By clever planning Dick glided out onto the terrace with Diane. It was a lovely night of silver moonlight and gardenia-scented air.

"Diane, is anything wrong?"

"I'm not sure, Dick," she answered evasively.

"But you've been so pensive all evening."

She made a determined effort to keep up the evasion, but to no avail. So she parried.

"Dick, are you completely happy?"

"Of course I am. What makes you ask that?" he countered.

"I was just wondering." She tried to smile.

"Whew! I thought it was something serious." He laughed gaily. Then he went on:

"Say Di, I have the lead in the Dramatic Club's play this year."

"Oh Dick, that's fine." Her voice tried to match his enthusiastic tones. "What kind of a part is it?"

"Well, it's about a young fellow who, after going through many complexities and tortures, decided finally he wants to be a Jesuit. It's beautiful, honestly it is, Diane. We were reading it over this afternoon in the Library, and there's a dandy scene where this young fellow consults Father Shaw about his vocation."

"You mean that this afternoon . . . it was only a play . . . you weren't serious?" Diane asked haltingly and a little breathlessly.

"What are you driving at, Diane?"

"Well, this afternoon I was reading in one of the alcoves of the Library, and I couldn't help overhearing what seemed to me a conversation that you were carrying on with someone. And Dick, I thought it was real!"

"Oh you funny little piece of humanity," he laughed, "I have no such intention. If I had, don't you know that you would be the first one I should tell."

"I feel so foolish." She laughed a little laugh of relief.

"Besides," went on Dick, "this is a very special occasion.

That's why I sent gardenias. You see they are to symbolize our mutual love and understanding. Isn't that right?"

"Yes, my gallant Knight," she proudly answered.

PUZZLED

Marjorie Greene, '43

Frivolity embraced me
And kissed my thoughts away,
With words of sweet persuasion
Espoused my yielding clay.
And I forsook my Earnestness,
Yes, forever and a day!

Yet uninvited concepts
Attend our revelry;
Magnificent abstractions
Begin to dance with me.
And I forget my Foolishness
To smile at Gravity.

I wonder why my reason
Remains inconstant so?
Why finest thoughts unwished for
Will come, but summoned, go?
And I'll forgive Capriciousness
If I may only know.

IT IS GROWING LATE

Helen C. Neal, '42

Flaming color everywhere,
Vivid flowers, leaves that flare;
Kaleidoscopic sunset.

Bitter winds attack the trees,
Drive to ground the crispèd leaves;
Deadened flowers, naked sticks;

Whispering breezes soon will bring
Flowers and birds, blue skies of spring,
Pastel shades, new born life;
Why? God arranged for this.

Brilliant men throughout the world,
Science banners now unfurled
Multitudinous progress!
Stay! Whither does it lead?

Violence now holds its sway,
Raging battles day by day,
Conquered nations, broken men;
How can they rise again?

God saw fit to guard his plants
Against cruel winter's sharp advance
So spring might come again.
Should not man his Maker follow
And plan a peace for that tomorrow
Which seems so far away?

EDITORIALS

We are in the shouting and tumult, we Americans, in it up to the hilt. The English are carolling "There'll always be an England," and the Americans are singing "God bless America." God bless America, indeed! Why? Because America has been so sacrosanct, so pure, so moral? But where are these traces? Her divorce courts are doing the greatest business in the world. Bless America because she has been so honest? Look at the Unions, they are fleecing the poor working man. Look at her government officials. They are not carrying any banner of integrity. Bless America because she is so God-fearing and God-loving? She cuddles thousands of atheists to her bosom. Then why "God Bless America"? God help America, yes. Give her strength to bear the terrors that this war will bring. Give her grace to repent of her sins, and to tighten the reins of her self-control. God help America, yes; and in that help let her blessing be. Then, when a kneeling America, a breast-striking America, a bowed-head America has shown herself deserving of His blessing, may God bless America.

How without the help of God will America bear the horror of war? Our President tells us that courage, fortitude, loyalty, and unity will win this war for us. But where shall we get this courage, this fortitude, this loyalty, this unity? Where, but from the source of all Goodness, Almighty God, the Faith-Bestower, the Faith-Sustainer, the Faith-Victor? It is not the imperious cry, "God bless America" that men of Faith send up to Him. It is, on the contrary, a humble, pitiful plea for help from sinners who

are repentant and who arise from the dung-hill of their past sins, arise, to return to their Father. God help America, they beg. Not because America is always right; not because America is the *only* Nation, overlord of the world; but because she holds *bumble* citizens, who are trying to live the right conception of Truth, Godliness, and Decency; who are praying for help and light in a dark and weak hour; who are making resolutions of betterment; and who are realizing fully that only through the help of Almighty God will this present world-chaos be marshalled into world-order. *God Help America!* In that help will her blessing be.

Dorothy A. Gannon, '42

* * * *

What is courage? The world, in general, regards it as a sporadic virtue; a reaction in the face of natural danger, a quality which makes its appeal at a crisis, and is mute when that crisis has passed. It is thought of as a remote abstraction brought concretely near by the moment, the occasion.

Courage should be a vital part of our everyday lives, an integral part of our attitude towards life and living. It would be foolish to say that we should evolve a hard and fast set of rules, learn them by rote, and then solve every problem of life by applying them. But we should have a definite philosophy of life, one that is broad and strong enough to interpret life in general and to account for its least detail. That pattern of life founded on the natural virtues, is interfused, sustained, and built high by the supernatural virtues. If we live by that arrangement, our lives will

be fuller, richer, truer. Courage, alone, will never constitute a life theory; but it can and should stand as an outstanding factor of it. Let us, then, gird up our loins, take up the Faith-Hope-and-Charity staff of courage, and walk fearlessly life's road.

Helen P. Shea, '42

* * * *

Leisure! It is time freed from scheduled employment, time free for living, time almost vanished in this day and age. It is time; a moment, an hour, a day, a month, a year when the whip-lash of necessity is not driving one on; when worry over speed or success gives way to relaxation, to quiet tranquillity of mind and body. It is a time to "stand and look and stare" at the strangeness of the obvious.

It is in imagining and remembering, in thinking and reflecting that man is saved from being merely an automaton. It is in leisure that these activities of the mind find stimulation. The imagination is enriched, the intelligence is improved, the spirit of man is developed, the soul of man is inspired not in confusion and in haste but in leisure. It is a good business, that of loafing and inviting one's soul.

Graciousness, as a trait, may not fall into the category of life's most necessary elements, but it makes life more livable. Without leisure, however, graciousness has scant chance of existing. Never-relenting hurry, unending pre-occupation, iron-clad occupation are foreign to gracious friendliness, sympathy, and courtesy. Lay hold on leisure, then, to give graciousness a chance.

Enjoyment is largely controlled by personal reaction. Whether that enjoyment be intellectual, social, marked by quiet or by "the loud guffaw," if it is to be real in any sense, it requires time free from employment, a mind at ease. Under any other circumstances its purpose is defeated.

Through thought, graciousness, enjoyment, life is better savored. Leisure, time free for living, in this century of rush, rush, will soon become a rarity. People fret and fume in practically their every waking hour. They are as gracious as they can be with one eye on the clock. They enjoy themselves with such determination that a pleasure becomes a task. Relaxation is a veritable will-of-the-wisp. And to what profit is all this? What price hustle and bustle? They who cannot take time out for leisure cannot take time out to live.

Ethel M. Morrissey, '42

THE PACK OF AUTOLYCUS

"My father named me Autolycus . . . a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."

"Jog on, jog on the footpath way,
And merrily hent the stile-a.
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad heart tires in a mile-a."

The Winter's Tale, IV, iii

Youth on Youth:

Youth presents a baffling mystery. Age is perpetually puzzled by it, though it is loath to admit the fact. Having passed through the greater portion of their allotted span, these Solons bring forth the precious volume inscribed by *personal experience*. The invaluable generalizations and conclusions found therein they beneficently apply to youth and to youth's problems.

But what of those in the midst of the maze? What of youth?

Youth looks speculatively at itself. It is seldom interested for more than an hour in anything else. Following the law of life, it is necessary that the first steps be conditioned by the pronouncements of Age. Long since Youth has discovered that many of these utterances do not hold water. Youth, exercising some of the intelligence tacitly denied it when the rule of silence (children should be seen, but not heard) was formulated by grown-ups, and by them handed down in august tradition, has quickly discovered that information regarding itself is best obtained by what is left unsaid.

In Youth, dejection and glee alternate. In between numbers on the nickelodion, Youth does think and feel. Some elders favor Youth as it is now. Most do not. These look on Youth as they will be in a misty future. They will be super-people who will inhabit this flawed world twenty years hence, if their theories on "Bringing up Susan" are followed.

Youth resembles "Canada Dry". It is always popping. Herein lies its trouble. This effervescence deceives (were that possible) even Age. It is meant to fool Youth itself. But (enter near Tragedy) it cannot. For the one fundamental fact about Youth is its bewilderment. A '42 Chrysler will drop no clues that its bearings are dying of thirst for oil until it stops. So with *pep*.

What of Youth? Who will solve this riddle? Who will answer Youth's questions? Age wills to do so, but cannot. Time will; but it comes too late.

When Youth can speak wisely on Youth, it will no longer be young. When Age can speak feelingly on Youth it will be youthfully young.

* * * *

On Hands:

Thumbing my copy of Quintilian the other day, I hit upon this passage: "Other parts of the body assist the speaker, but the hands speak themselves. By them we ask, promise, invoke, dismiss, threaten, deprecate. By them we express fear, joy, grief, our doubts, assent, deny, we show moderation or profusion, and mark number and time."

And so I mused. Hands lingering over ivory keys, hands expressively moving in talkative gestures—all have a distinctive quality. See the long, slender, nervous hand quickly raised to smooth a curl; the square hand reaching purposefully for the test-tube; the thickened, heaving hand holding the paring knife; the blunt-tipped, strong hand dipping efficiently into soft, pliable clay; the pudgy, characterless hand tipped with blood-red nails, not too carefully groomed, reaching for a compact and lipstick; the soft fat hand dipping into chocolates; the thin

bone-prominent hand, every muscle in perfect co-ordination, the typewriter-ticker—all tell their owners' characteristics.

Yes, each type of hand tells an almost infallible tale. Hands are eloquent and truthful. Age cannot be hidden in the hands, scars and wrinkles tell of the years.

The long, tapering hand of the effeminate "Beau Brummel"; the great hairy hand of the tradesman; the quiet sacred hand of the priest; the calming, assured hand of the doctor; the thin, sensitive hand of the musician; the grease-stained hand of the mechanic; the capable, calloused hand of the farmer; the nails-chewed-down-to-the-quick hand of the student—each trademarks the person.

Hands attract us; hands repel us.

* * * *

Short Stories in the New Yorker:

The *New Yorker* has published what it modestly calls, "the best collection of contemporary short fiction, not written by one author, ever assembled between the covers of a single book." While point of view is a factor which the publishers have not seemed to take into consideration in this little *plug*, yet, generally speaking, the stories do stand up superbly on the stilts of style.

As for the stories themselves, their themes and their plots, that is a horse of another color. Suffice it to say that they are typical *New Yorker* stories, brilliant, sophisticated, blatant; almost always cynical in outlook. The stories weave in and out among varied characters; slip in and out of varied circumstances; but they all blow the same horn—tin whistle to French horn—"Life sometimes is gay and fine, sometimes dull and sordid; but there is not a great deal we can do about it." They give the impression that someone (publisher, high-hat, low-hat, critic?) took hold of

each author and thrust this piece of advice upon him: "Now look; life is hard, real; and I mean *real*. Never be so naïve as to think that there is any softness in it, any tenderness for its own sake, any beauty that is unadorned and untarnished!" Hence, the stories. Despite the trail of melancholy, futility, and fatality that marks the stories, some of them have a modicum of interest. If one is in the mood of a sophisticate sans sentimentality, one can find some moments of enjoyment in the *New Yorker* output.

* * * *

Tables Turned:

The traditional classroom joke has the student for the foil and the instructor for the straightman. In this one the tables are turned. The instructor had just explained a difficult problem. The 100% attentive class gave every indication of puzzlement when the instruction was concluded. "Now watch, young ladies," the enthusiastic instructor exclaimed, "I'll go over to the blackboard and run through it again."

* * * *

A Modern Fairy-Tale:

Once upon a time a student was resting in that state of semi-consciousness brought on by the impact of five classes all unprepared for. Suddenly a little imp sat upon her ear and injected therein a plan upon which her brain waves began to work. Let the professors take a few lessons in the gentle art of questioning which mazes and musses the air from radio-quizzers, quiz-masters, or what have you. Then, when the student gives a blundering, hazy answer, instead of a cool "My dear, that does not answer the question" he would be pepped-up by a vibrant voice: "Well, I'm afraid that's not exactly right. Ha, ha! But here is an 85% for

trying.” When our hopelessly blank faces look up at her, the quiz-trained professor would never say, “If you are not prepared, please do not come to the next class”. Oh, no. She would begin to throw out little hints and suggestions. For instance, she might hum a tune which contains a clue, or perhaps do a little pantomime, or—give herself a new desk-set for sending in a poser. Dear Professors, please stay tuned-in.

* * * *

CURRENT BOOKS

In This Our Life, by Ellen Glasgow. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1941. 467 pages.

WITH much good material Ellen Glasgow has combined circumstances and characters to penetrate modern manners and moods. Through a ceaseless confusion of shadow and substance the characters stumble on in their lives, all sicklied o’er with the pale cast of thought. The book’s thesis seems to be that there is no such thing as happiness in life; that “the best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft a-gley.” We Catholics disagree with her theme. In the virtue of hope we have the answer to the iterated and reiterated question so often asked in current literature: Why were we born? Why are we living?

This novel is the study of the philosophies of two different generations blended with the theme of unhappiness. The older people are unhappy, but they hide themselves behind the smokescreen of convention or of other defense mechanism. They blame the freedom and frankness of youth. The motives, impulses, desires, and opinions of the younger set make an interesting contrast to the resignation, debility, and faint flicker of hope in the elders.

The book may be classified as psychological, economic, and sociological. The story unfolds through the development of character; the shunting out of telepathic rays from one type of personality to another; the clashing of temperaments; strong, silent Asa with selfish, neurotic Lavinia, generous and sensible Roy with ego-centric, sensual Stanley. The passing glimpses of the life of simple colored folk are arresting. Ellen Glasgow writes as an ideal Southerner without malice towards race. She subtly propagandizes her belief in the fine mental ability of the negro, and his right to higher education.

The forces which dynamically pattern the book are: the breakdown of the family as a social unit; companionate marriage; divorce; the hardened flippancy of Roy Tunberlake, always gropingly analyzing happiness; an omnipresent yearning for freedom in Stanley; the pathetic endurance of Asa; the false psychosis of Lavinia; the self-made Fitzroy worshipping his creator; the charlatan Peter; frustrated Parry; and, finally, the all-pervading tone of fear for the future. The story is depressing and bewildering, for the author answers no question that she has evoked. The weakness of the book arises from the exclusion of the spiritual. There is no manifestation of faith in a Supreme Being; there is only a saving respect for convention and decency, which the younger generation refuses to acknowledge as its heritage.

One is bound to suspect that Ellen Glasgow takes life a bit too seriously. This intimation forces this reviewer to call the novel heavy reading, despite its deep probing into human emotions. The style of the book is in the best Glasgownian tradition.

Marguerite A. Hern, '42

H. M. Pulham, Esquire, by John P. Marquand. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 1941. 431 pages.

This book is an autobiography of a fictional H. M. Pulham. At forty-five, he has become so wrapped up in business and family affairs that he has not sensed the fact that youth is slipping away from him. He is aroused to this knowledge, however, by his appointment to write about his Harvard classmates for a commemorative brochure of their twenty-

fifth Class reunion. The story is a flash-back. It begins with middle age, reverts to childhood and youth, and returns to middle age.

If the author is H. M. Pulham (and we suspect that he is) then he is a man who resents his status in society. It is not that he wishes to be less wealthy nor less well-bred, but he desires to expose the liabilities of a society which flaunts the Ten Commandments. They think themselves a finer clay; they are stupid, and, latterly, pseudo-sophisticated. Marquand defies the associates among whom he was bred. He presents them on the whole as stuffed shirts and psychopaths. The male characters speak in terms of profanely suggestive language; (let us hope that the author is not abusing his art); the female characters are stiff, stilted, unnatural, and somewhat intemperate.

Marquand makes *H. M. Pulham* the symbol of a generation rebelling against conventions. He cannot hope to be, nor will he want to be, popular with the so-called Bostonian "smart set". He has labelled them as unmoral and immoral parasites. Some of them possess an almost consuming desire to be considered intellectual, even glamorous.

The book is well written, although the reader questions the good taste of the author in his continual use of unfit language by his undesirable characters. The style of the book is simple, virile, rapid, gay, despite the fact that a grave note echoes here and there. The theme seems to run on to satire; in fact it has been called a gentle satire of Boston, and Harvard, and the "right people". I should call it a sharp remonstrance.

Madeleine Hern, '42

The Keys of the Kingdom, by A. J. Cronin. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 1941. 344 pages.

Views and reviews of A. J. Cronin's latest novel are before me. Some say, "great". Some say, "not so great". Some say, "a Catholic novel". Some say, "not a Catholic novel." This review appears belatedly. It says, first of all, that *The Keys of the Kingdom* is a great story, but it is not a Catholic novel. A. J. Cronin writes of the bruises and blessings, the hardships and happinesses of a young Scotch priest, Father Francis

Chisholm. He tells this story perfectly. Aesthetically, the novel seems to be somewhat of a literary triumph. True-to-life main characters leap to us from its pages; but the subordinate characters leave much to be desired in the way of true delineation. The nuns in the China incident would appear to be the outcome of an over-stimulated imagination. A. J. Cronin's acquaintance with nuns must be very slight. It is hard to conceive of any such nuns as those he created.

While the story is remarkably readable, thrilling in spots, yet there is a rock-bottom thesis supporting the high romance and lofty sacrifice. Christ said that charity was the greatest and the first commandment. A. J. Cronin has his saintly Father Chisholm pronounce the statement that tolerance is the first virtue. This thesis was woven subtly and convincingly into the story, so that many of us had half digested it before we regurgitated. Truth cannot tolerate Error. It can and should be charitable to those in error, but it can never compromise on erroneous tenets. That Church alone is good which contains the Truth; in St. Paul's great phrase, that has the mind of Christ. Man by his very nature is impelled towards that Truth. A. J. Cronin makes this thesis appetizing but not nourishing. He must have known enough Philosophy to realize that Truth is *one*; therefore, it cannot be divided among many churches. I am inclined to think that A. J. Cronin was a bit unfair in his method of projecting this thesis. He placed tolerant, humble, saintly Father Chisholm in the midst of ambitious, worldly, hypocritical, self-aggrandizing, and clannish priests. We are aware of the possibility of the existence of priests of this kind, but it is straining a point of credence to expect them all to have gathered in the seminary at the same time and in the same location. In contrast to the straight-laced bigotry of these priests, Father Chisholm, clothed in the mantle of his tolerance stands out prominently and preeminently. His humility is the marked antithesis of the pomposity of his peers.

If a doctor writes about doctor's problems and the medical profession, we are justified in saying that this is a story *of* a doctor, *by* a doctor, so it should be accurate. In this frame of mind we read *The Citadel*. We found there that our preconception was right. The facts and characters of the story were plausible and accurate. With the writing of *The Keys of the Kingdom*, F. J. Cronin enters a new field, writes of a Priest, a Doctor of Souls, and out goes that accuracy which so satisfied us

as we read *The Citadel*. His priests and nuns are not to the manner born. Though the episodes make enjoyable reading, though the artistry of the novel is high-calibered, yet the thesis of the book is flaw-set.

Dorothy A. Gannon, '42

The Young and the Immortal, by Isabel Currier. New York, Alfred A. Knopf, 1941. 466 pages.

The theme of this remarkable first novel is the quest of the troubled human spirit for sanctuary. This theme is developed through the lives of headstrong Gretchen Mac Arthur and devoted Paula Elliott, Gretchen's best friend and the one who understands her best. These two girls of opposing temperaments meet while students at a strict Canadian convent school. Paula, despite misgivings and doubts, perseveres in the religious life to which she dedicated herself when she returned as a postulant to the convent of her student days, and her soul finds its sanctuary there.

Gretchen, on the other hand, must wander in darkness and error for many years before her seeking spirit comes to rest. Her difficulties begin when she defies her beloved philosophy teacher, Sister Catherine of Siena, and denies the right of the Catholic Church to decide what books she may or may not read. As a result of this outburst, and Sister Catherine of Siena's subsequent unsuccessful efforts to keep any knowledge of it from the authorities, Gretchen is expelled from school. Her pride, always her besetting sin, prevents her from asking the right to return.

The course of her life from this point on is stormy. She marries a childhood playmate, an eccentric, drunken poet and ex-seminarian. She subsequently leaves him and allows him to divorce her. She is later excommunicated, indulges in illicit love affairs, and contemplates marriage with a divorced German Jew, Dr. Richman. Her husband is killed in a drunken brawl in a tavern, thus making her free to remarry. However, Dr. Richman, largely through her influence, enters the Catholic Church, plunging Gretchen into the depths of despair. On a visit to the old convent, she again comes under the influence of Sister Catherine of Siena, and regains her faith. Then, by virtue of the Pauline Privilege, she and Dr. Richman are able to marry, and the book ends with the matriculation of their children at Gretchen's alma mater.

This novel, though definitely Catholic in tone, is a far cry from the Isabel C. Clarke school. The author does not shy away from realism, but, on the other hand, neither does she revel in the vulgarity which so delights many popular writers of *Realistic* novels. She presents a striking, detailed, and truthful account of the problems which college-trained young people had to face in the era of depression and the Volstead Act. Pulled this way and that by the atheistic philosophies preached to them on all sides, they struggled valiantly onward, ever seeking a light. Gretchen, a true child of this period, was guided in her struggle by the faith which she never quite completely lost. In her darkest moments, when she looked to liquor to provide an escape from her troubles, and even contemplated suicide, she was kept from utter ruin by subconscious twinges of her old beliefs. Thus she arrived inevitably back to the Roman Catholic Church as the sanctuary for her troubled, questing spirit.

The outstanding feature of this book, that which sets it apart as a truly Catholic novel, is the fact that the author answers the questions which she presents. Too many modern novelists leave the reader wondering if there is any sane way to resolve the problems of the characters, and if there is, is the author aware of it. Miss Currier, however, takes a definite stand on oft-debated points. Gretchen's philosophical trend of mind, and her position as assistant to the psychiatrist, Dr. Richman, give the author an opportunity to explain the reason of the Catholic Church for the *Index*, the necessity of a philosophy embodying belief in a divine Being, and the beautiful communism of Catholicism. These are only a few of the important questions which she discusses.

The characters in this novel are extremely well-drawn. Proud, sensitive, headstrong Gretchen, gentle, loyal, devout Paula, and brilliant, inspiring Mother Catherine of Siena are living, breathing personalities. Lesser characters, such as the pitiful dreamer, Kevin O'Callaghan, and Annette Le Blanc, warped in mind and body, are delineated with equal skill.

Although some of Miss Currier's digressions into philosophy and religion are rather difficult for the average reader to understand, the book on the whole is an unusually fine first novel, one which makes the reader watch with interest for further publications by this gifted young novelist and newspaperwoman.

Marie McCabe, '43

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TOMORROW

Eileen M. Mahoney, '43

O zealous hours of the day to be
After this long, unquiet night has passed,
I see the dawn of your morning cast
Its light on hands that labor—yet men are free:
On eager hands that till the soil,
Or guide the mighty Diesel's toil;
The steady hands—though men cannot forget
The steely feel of the trigger-set;
The hands that labored through the leaden night,
Yet delight in work now it is light;
Numb hands that freed from the slaughter's cold
Reached down to row new crosses beside the old.

Pulsating hours of the day to be,
When the welcome toil of shining morn is done,
I see the light of your noon-day sun
Effulgence pour on hearts that are set free;
On happy hearts that know the birth
Of youthful laughter and childlike mirth;
On quiet hearts that yet recall
The sickening thud of explosives' fall;

The hearts that throbbed throughout that troubled night
Now comforted, since it is light;
The stony hearts of suffering's bitter loss,
That yet keep love's beat for the still heart that lies
 beneath some cross.

Peaceful hours! Tomorrow of Peace!
Dawn and day of man's release,
Vision I, too, your evening star:
It shines on the things that always are,
The things that never shall decrease;
The climbing hills and eternal ocean,
Hope and Faith and the heart's Devotion.
Reaching hands that then were grasping,
Hearts that knew last night's long fray,
Now are lifting, hands are clasping,
Night has taught the heart to pray.
The mountain's silvered evening stir is hushed,
The hillside village sleeps beneath the Star,
Again the Cave by angels' wings is brushed,
And men look, listen, coming from afar.
Deep in the valley rows of crosses still
Inspire men to hold aloft the Emblem of the Hill.

LIFE BEGINS

A PLAY IN ONE ACT

Marie McCabe, '43

CHARACTERS

PROFESSOR CARTWRIGHT, *a dancing instructor, becoming rather bored with his profession.*

MR. PERKINS, *a middle-aged clerk.*

MISS HAMILTON, *a maiden lady of uncertain years.*

SCENE: *The studio of Professor Cartwright, "ball-room dancing taught in six easy lessons; tap and ballet a specialty". There is one large door, center. A worn piano stands upper right, a pile of phonograph records, a pair of tap shoes, and a Big Ben alarm clock reposing on its scratched top. Beside it, huddles a battered victrola. A large, three-cornered screen upper left forms the Professor's dressing room. A slightly uneven row of chairs lines the left wall. In the center of the room is a portable flight of steps, the type on which children perform their more spectacular tap dancing routines. The walls are covered with pictures of costumed dancers. An autographed photograph of Fred Astaire (the fifty-cent size) occupies the place of honor over the piano, beside a smaller Velox and Yolanda. The time is 7 o'clock on a warm June evening. At rise, the Professor is discovered putting the studio in order after the children's tap class. He moves slowly, as if he were tired. He shoves the flight of steps over against the right wall, erases a few chalked crosses from the floor, straightens the row of chairs. Stooping, he picks up a pair of small, silver ballet slippers.*

PROFESSOR (*wearily*): Shirley left these slippers here again. She'll never think to come for them, then next week she won't have practiced at all, and it will be the same thing all over again. That mother of hers! (*shuddering*) How can

I teach the child to dance if she won't practice? Well, the season is almost over, thank goodness. (*Glancing at the clock on the piano*) Mr. Perkins is late tonight. That's strange. He's usually so punctual, and practices so conscientiously. . . all by himself, he tells me. (*Smiles at the thought of serious little Mr. Perkins practicing the rhumba alone.*) I wonder why he comes. (*Doorbell rings. Professor Cartwright squares his shoulders, holds up his head, and moves with a lithe step toward the door. He opens it, and Mr. Perkins enters. He is a short, spare man, with sparse gray hair and faded blue eyes, looking older than his forty-five years. He wears shining, rimless glasses, and a rather rusty black suit. Beads of perspiration are standing out on his forehead, and he is breathing heavily.*)

PROFESSOR (*heartily*): Good-evening, Mr. Perkins.

MR. PERKINS: I'm awfully sorry I'm late, Professor. Fact is, there was an awful crowd in the subway. I thought I'd suffocate before I got to my station. I hope I didn't keep you waiting, but I really couldn't help it. Next time, I'll start a few minutes earlier, and then . . .

PROFESSOR: Oh, that's all right, Mr. Perkins. No harm done. We'll just have to work very hard for what's left of this hour. Now, let's see (*going over to the piano and looking through pile of records*), shall we start with a rhumba?

MR. PERKINS: Oh, yes, please, Professor. I think there is something so different, so . . . daring about that rhythm, don't you?

PROFESSOR: Well, yes, it certainly is different. (*Winds victrola, which squeaks protestingly.*) Remember what I showed you last week? One and two, three . . . one and two, three. . . (*They encircle the room, Mr. Perkins' lips moving silently in unison with the professor's counting. Then they pause for breath.*)

PROFESSOR: That's fine. We'll try it once again. Now. . . start on your left foot, one and two, three. . . (*Again deep silence on Mr. Perkins's part, except for an occasional "Sorry" when he steps on the Professor's foot.*) Well, I guess you have that all right. Let's see. . . waltz, fox-trot, rhumba. Now, I'll let you choose what you want to learn next.

MR. PERKINS (*timidly*): I thought perhaps. . . Could I learn the Conga, do you think?

PROFESSOR (*smothering a grin*): I don't see why not. (*He changes the record and winds the victrola again.*) This is a Cuban rhythm. There are many steps, but if you know the basic one, you'll be able to follow the others. Now, watch me. . . one, two, three, four. . . one, two, three, four. . . By the way, it's going to be quite an affair, isn't it?

MR. PERKINS (*surprised*): What affair?

PROFESSOR: Why, the party you're going to attend. There is some special occasion in the offing, isn't there? (*He notices the stricken expression on Mr. Perkins's face.*) Why. . . I'm sorry, but I thought. . . you're spending so much time and effort learning to dance. . . .

MR. PERKINS (*in a low tone*): I suppose you must think I'm very foolish, Professor, but you see, for twenty years I've been a clerk in the same firm, Baker and Johnson, doing the same thing, day in and day out. Then, a few months ago, the old man. . . that's what we call Mr. Baker (*with an apologetic smile*). . . gave me a raise. I wanted to do something unusual, something out of the ordinary, with the extra money. It would take a long time to save enough to travel any distance, so I decided to invest in a series of dancing lessons. I thought. . . you know what they say. . . the ability to dance gives a person so many social opportunities. . . and a whole new outlook on life. But I'm afraid my case is an exception.

PROFESSOR (*searching for an encouraging answer*): Well, Mr. Perkins, you never can tell what's waiting just around the corner. (*He realizes the triteness of this remark and is unable to think of anything else to say.*) Er. . . let's get on with the lesson. Now, one, two, three, four . . . you do it . . . one, two, three, four. . . that's fine; make it a little sharper, more staccato. . . one, two, three, four. . . (*Doorbell rings. Mr. Perkins starts nervously*) Excuse me, Mr. Perkins. (*He goes to the door and opens it. Miss Hamilton enters. She is perhaps in her early forties, tall and angular, her soft, brown hair pulled tightly back from her face. She wears a nondescript navy blue suit, dark stockings, and "sensible" shoes. A few strands of hair which have escaped from bondage curl softly around her temples, the kind expression in her tired eyes, modifies her appearance somewhat and causes the professor to favor her with a mildly interested glance. At her entrance, Mr. Perkins moves down left. He is half hidden by the screen and for the moment Miss Hamilton does not see him.*)

MISS HAMILTON: I read your advertisement in the *Sun*, Professor. Can you really teach people to dance in only six lessons?

PROFESSOR: Why, yes. . . usually. And if I can't, I refund your money.

MISS HAMILTON: I don't care about the money. I want to learn to dance. You see, Professor (*the words suddenly rushing out*) as long as I can remember, I have wanted to know how to dance, but I've never had the opportunity to learn. My parents were very strict with me as a child, and I didn't mingle with the other young people in our neighborhood. Then, a few years ago, my mother died, and since then I've had to stay at home and take care of my father. He's

been an invalid for years, and I can't leave him alone for more than two hours every day. When I read your advertisement the other day, I decided to come here, but I kept postponing it. You did say lessons would be kept confidential, didn't you? My father would be so displeased.

PROFESSOR: Oh, yes, of course, strictly confidential, if you wish. Now, about an appointment. . . .

MISS HAMILTON: Couldn't you possibly take me tonight?

PROFESSOR: I'd like to do so, but someone else is here this evening.

MISS HAMILTON: What? (*Seeing Mr. Perkins for the first time*) I didn't know there was anyone here. I certainly wouldn't have talked so much if I had known. I never run on like that, but tonight I was so wrought up. . . Father is quite trying at times.

PROFESSOR: That's perfectly all right, Miss. . . er. . . .

MISS HAMILTON: Hamilton, Professor.

PROFESSOR: Miss Hamilton. I'm sure Mr. Perkins couldn't hear you. Now, about that lesson. . . Wait a minute (*snapping his fingers*). I've got an idea. . . Oh, Mr. Perkins, will you come here a moment? (*Mr. Perkins, who has been studiously examining the pictures on the wall, approaches timidly*). Miss Hamilton, may I present Mr. Perkins? Mr. Perkins, Miss Hamilton.

MISS HAMILTON: How do you do?

MR. PERKINS (*bowing awkwardly*): Pleased to meet you, I'm sure. . . Er, Professor, perhaps I'd better be going now. I can come back some other time.

PROFESSOR: Oh, no, Mr. Perkins, don't go. I was just about to suggest that you and Miss Hamilton both remain. You could help her with the simpler steps. In that way, you would gain confidence in leading. After all, that is the most important thing for you to know.

MISS HAMILTON (*moving toward the door*): Really, Professor, I wouldn't think of it. I'll make an appointment for some other time. Er. . . I'll telephone tomorrow afternoon, while my father is taking his nap.

PROFESSOR: No, I insist that you begin tonight. Mr. Perkins and you will be of great help to each other, and I can notice your mistakes more easily if I sit here and watch.

MISS HAMILTON (*removing her gloves and unpinning her hat*): Well. . . If you think I wouldn't be in the way. . . I'd really like to start tonight, before I lose my courage (*smiling rather uncertainly*).

PROFESSOR (*briskly*): All right, then, let's get busy. The first thing we'll teach you, Miss Hamilton, will be the waltz. Don't you think that's a good plan, Mr. Perkins?

MR. PERKINS: Oh, yes, Professor. I think that would be best, that is, if you want Miss Hamilton to start right away. Perhaps if you just demonstrated the steps to her tonight, and I could run along. . . .

PROFESSOR: No, no one can learn to dance just by watching someone else. You have to try it yourself.

MR. PERKINS (*weakly*): I suppose so.

PROFESSOR: Now, Miss Hamilton, watch me. You step backward, one, two, three. . . one, two, three. . . one, two, three. . . Now you do it by yourself. . . one, two, three. . . one, two, three. . . that's right. (*Again changes the record on the victrola. The mellow strains of a Strauss waltz float through the room.*) Now, assume correct dancing position.

MR. PERKINS (*gingerly taking Miss Hamilton in his arms and holding her away from him*): Is this all right, Professor?

PROFESSOR: Er. . . yes, quite correct. You start forward on your right foot, Mr. Perkins, and Miss Hamilton, you start backward on your left. One, two, three. . . one, two,

three. . . one . . . Just a moment, I'll make this a little slower. . . there, that's better. . . one, two, three. . . one, two, three. . .

MR. PERKINS (*after a long silence*): That's a lovely song, isn't it, Miss Hamilton?

MISS HAMILTON: Yes, isn't it?

MR. PERKINS: I think Strauss waltzes are so. . . so . . . so musical, don't you?

MISS HAMILTON: Yes, they are, aren't they?

MR. PERKINS: Yes, they are.

PROFESSOR: One, two, three. . . take longer steps. . . one, two, three. . .

MISS HAMILTON: Have you been studying dancing long, Mr. Perkins?

MR. PERKINS: A couple of months, that's all.

MISS HAMILTON (*surprised*): I thought you had been dancing longer than that. You are so confident of the steps.

MR. PERKINS (*drawing her a little closer*): Oh, it's really quite simple, after you practice awhile. Of course, everyone is a little stiff at first.

MISS HAMILTON (*coolly*): Oh, of course.

PROFESSOR: One, two, three. . . one, two, three. . . (*The music stops. Miss Hamilton breathes a little sigh, and perspiration is glimpsed on Mr. Perkins' brow for the second time within the hour.*) Suppose we try again. You know, you two dance well together.

MR. PERKINS (*bowing, an almost boyish grin on his face*): May I have this waltz, Miss Hamilton?

MISS HAMILTON (*responding to his mood*): Delighted, Mr. Perkins. (*They dance. This time, Mr. Perkins holds her more as if she were a dancing partner and not a live cobra.*)

MR. PERKINS: That's a very lovely song, isn't it, Miss Hamilton?

MISS HAMILTON: Yes, very lovely.

MR. PERKINS: Strauss waltzes are very romantic, aren't they, Miss Hamilton? That is, I mean. . . er, the rhythm. . . and those violins. . . .

MISS HAMILTON: Yes, I've always thought so, too.

PROFESSOR: One, two, three. . . one, two, three. . . that's fine. . . one, two, three. . . .

MR. PERKINS: We do dance well together, don't we? Perhaps, perhaps. . . we should arrange to have our lesson together every week.

MISS HAMILTON: Why, er . . . yes, that would be nice. But this is the only hour of the day that I can come. Perhaps it wouldn't always be convenient for you.

MR. PERKINS (*eagerly*): Oh, it would. I never have anything very important to do. . . that is, on Monday evenings. (*The clock chimes eight, just as the music stops.*)

PROFESSOR: Well, I guess that's enough for tonight. You two must be tired. I'll expect you at the same time next week, Mr. Perkins. And about your lesson, Miss Hamilton. . . .

MR. PERKINS (*almost masterfully for him*): Oh, she is going to take her lesson with me, professor.

MISS HAMILTON (*drawing on her gloves*): We feel that we did quite well together.

MR. PERKINS (*with a return of his former timidity*): May I. . . er . . . may I see you home, Miss Hamilton?

MISS HAMILTON: Oh, no, my father might. . . (*suddenly*) Yes, I'd be delighted if you would, Mr. Perkins. Good-night, Professor.

MR. PERKINS: Good-night, Professor, and thank you.

PROFESSOR: Good-night. (*Mr. Perkins opens door, and stands aside as Miss Hamilton leaves. He follows her, closing*

the door resolutely behind him. Their footsteps grow softer, and then die away. The Professor stands looking after them, a smile twitching the corners of his mouth.) I missed my calling; I should be conducting a lonely hearts club. Well, anything to break the monotony of this business.

AT EVENING

Barbara Lydon, '43

From lispig leaves in watchful spell,
A thousand voices whisper, "Well!"
Far distant birds send forth their call
That rhythmic scales the forest wall.

The Sun and blushing Day elope,
The Moon steps soft on Heaven's slope.
The sky scintillating bright
With stars, the golden eyes of Night.

How sweet the joy that Evening brings,
When peace and beauty fill all things!

THE ANSWER

Eileen Tosney, 43'

THE MERCILESS rain beat angrily against the window. It smote the glass with whipping lashes. It strove to shatter the panes, and engulf the room in its wrathful torrent.

The room was in distinct contrast to the elements that raged without. It was a pleasant study. Its attractiveness lay in its masculinity, and in the homely spirit that pervaded its every recess. Two deep, sturdy, wide-armed chairs guarded a dancing fire that blazed cheerfully in the fireplace. A paper-littered desk filled one corner of the room, while directly opposite, well-stocked book shelves lined the wall. Lee's *The Human Body*, Baker's *Social Diseases*, Margraf's *Dangers of Childhood*, were conspicuous in this collection. Above the fireplace hung the medical diploma of Joseph A. Bartlett.

In one of the easy chairs, a man sat motionless, his face buried in his hands. Occasionally a heart-rending sigh escaped him, a sigh that told of agony and suffering. Doctor Bartlett slowly lifted his head, and with eyes befogged with pain, stared unseeingly into the fire. His was a strong and finely moulded face which revealed the kindness and the understanding that marked him. He passed his hand over his eyes in anguish. Beat . . . beat . . . beat. The rain played a fearful accompaniment to his thoughts. Beat . . . beat . . . beat.

This couldn't be happening to me, not to Joseph Bartlett the physician. Crayton must be wrong! Why the whole thing is fantastic! But was it fantastic? Within his heart, he

knew that he was adopting an attitude of wishful thinking. It was happening to him. Crayton wasn't wrong. The whole thing wasn't fantastic.

Bartlett was remembering the Wednesday when he strode into the office of David Crayton, an expert diagnostician and his close friend. He had come for his annual physical examination. He could still see Miss Whitehead, the nurse, greet him cordially from her neatly-appointed desk; he could yet see the patients that filled both sides of the waiting room. He had always hated waiting rooms. He had often wondered how the patients managed to retain that impassive expression while they were awaiting their turn. Yes, he remembered that day well. Crayton had been particularly grave during his examination. This, Bartlett had thought unusual, although he had not remarked upon it at the time. He felt his friend must have some heavy worry. He remembered also fastening his shirt after the examination, and turning to his friend who had seated himself at his desk.

"Well, Dave, another year, another check-up. I guess the old frame's still in pretty good shape, eh?" he had asked jocularly.

"Look here, Joe, I'd like to have a serious talk with you," his friend answered unsmilingly.

"Well, go ahead, old man. I noticed that something was worrying you. You know if there's anything I can do to help—"

"It's not about myself," Dave had cut in. "It's about you."

"Me! Well, what about me?"

Dave had risen from his chair then, and had walked to the window. He had stood there for sometime, hands clasped behind his back.

"Well, what about me?" Joe had insisted.

Bartlett could still see his friend as he turned from the window. His ashen face twitched with emotion. He had tried to speak several times, but each time speech had failed him.

Finally he managed to reply chokingly, "Joe, I don't know how to say this."

"Dave, if this thing concerns me, I want to know. I do not want any beating around the bush, do you hear? I want to know!"

"Joe, those pains that you spoke of; what would be your diagnosis of them?"

"What pains? Oh, those! I didn't bother to diagnose them. They didn't seem important. Now look here, Dave, I want to—"

"Joe!" Dave had said sharply, "Joe, will you listen to me?"

He remembered how he had looked at Crayton then. The sharpness of the tone had arrested him.

"All right, Dave," he had answered, "I'm listening. What are you driving at? What have those pains got to do with this?"

"Everything," Dave had replied softly.

"Everything! What are you saying?" he questioned sharply, "Are you trying to tell me I'm seriously ill?"

"I am telling you, Joe, only I wish I could stop there. I wish I could say, 'Joe, you're ill, seriously ill, but if you are careful and take precautions, I guarantee your recovery in six months.'"

"Why can't you say that?" Joe had demanded.

"Because it isn't true. It can't ever be true, Joe," Dave had replied.

"You say I'm seriously ill, yet I can't recover. Why, that means. . . Do you know what you're saying?"

"Yes, Joe, I'm saying that your sickness is incurable. It's cancer."

"Incurable! Incurable! Cancer! You're lying! You're lying!"

He had seized Crayton by the lapels and had shaken him roughly.

"You're lying, lying!"

"Joe, Joe, would I lie to you?"

He had released his friend at those words. Their very quietness gave them conviction; what he perceived in Crayton's face added to that conviction.

"No, no, you wouldn't lie to me," he had whispered, "You wouldn't lie to me."

"Joe, old man, I'm sorry," Dave had murmured. "You know. . ."

"Yeah, yeah."

He had shaken off the comforting hand of his friend. He had groped blindly for his suit coat, had donned it as if in a trance, and had stumbled towards the door.

"Joe, Joe, wait, I'll go home with you."

"No, Dave, no. I'd rather be alone. Don't worry, old man, I'll be all right."

He had closed the door softly behind him.

"I'll be all right. I'll be all right." Bartlett smiled grimly as he recalled those words. All right! What a wonderful state to be in, the state of being all right. It was a state he would never experience again.

"I can't stand it. I can't stand it," he cried aloud.

He sprang from the low depths of the chair and began to walk feverishly about the room. Incurable, incurable, incurable. The rain beat out those words in a monotonous staccato. Incurable, incurable. He pressed his fingers to his

temples. How could he go on, knowing what his end was to be? It wasn't death he was afraid of. He could accept death. But he could never accept the racking, violent, furious, crazing pain which would companion his last days. He knew what that pain could do to a man's body and soul. He had seen it!

He flung himself once more into the chair and closed his eyes in exhaustion. Yes he had seen men dying of cancer. He remembered Jim Wilkinson most vividly.

Jim had been a struggling factory hand in the nearby city of Canton. He had earned little, but what he managed to make was spent on his wife Anna, and his children, Jeanie, and Jim Junior. Joe had liked Jim. He had admired him for his steadfastness, his industry, and his dauntless spirit. It had been all the more difficult, therefore, to confess the nature of Jim's illness, not only to Jim, but to himself. It was cancer. There was no hope; death was inevitable, a slow, inexorable death, marked by nightmarish pain. And he had been a witness to that pain. Many a night he had sat at Jim's bedside, helpless as any layman, and watched the tearing effects of this disease; had seen the man's racked body, had heard the cries for aid, for alleviation. It had been a frightful sight. He had never forgotten it. It had been unbearable to see this pain in another, how could he possibly bear it himself?

"Oh God, why must this happen to me?" he cried. "I can't resign myself to this, I can't accept Your Will in this matter. I'm no saint!"

All his despair and his fear were loosed from their bounds and overwhelmed him. He cursed the Will of God bitterly and terribly.

The depth of his passion left him shaken. His body slumped deeper into the chair and his trembling hands hung limply

over its arms. For a time his mind was numb, impervious to any feeling or sensation. Then that horrible beating returned to haunt him. Incurable, incurable, incurable. Endlessly, ceaselessly, it went on. I must do something. I must. He glanced wildly about the room like some crazed animal searching for a means of escape. His eyes rested upon a paper cutter that was resting innocently upon his desk. He sat up excitedly. That was it! That was the only way. Why, one slash of the cutter in the right spot, the severance of a vital artery, and all would be over. He would be free, free from the inevitable.

He rose heavily from his chair and moved slowly towards the desk. His fingers reached out and grasped the slim handle of the cutter. Slowly, very slowly he lifted his hand.

"Joe, Joe. . . ."

The cutter dropped with a clatter.

"Joe, Joe, where are you?" the voice called from outside.

The door of the room was flung open and a small, sweet-faced woman entered the study.

"Joe, oh, there you are," she cried as she saw her husband clinging to the desk. "Why, what's the matter, Joe? Don't you feel well? You look so pale. Joe, are you all right?"

"Yes, dear," he replied thickly, "yes dear, I'm all right. What is it Edna?"

"I hate to bother you, but Mr. Franklin called. It's his child, Joe. He's been taken ill."

"Mr. Franklin. . . child ill," he mumbled incoherently.

"Yes, dear. Joe, are you sure you're all right? If you would rather, I'll call Dr. Stevens to take over for you."

"No, no," he cried. "Did he mention any symptoms to you?"

"Yes, he did. He said that the boy had complained of extreme thirst and blinding headaches."

"Thirst. . . headaches. Edna, that might be infantile paralysis!"

"Oh no! Oh, I hope not, he's such a sweet child."

Joe stood motionless at his desk. He was looking for a way out. Well, he had found one; he had possessed it all the time. It was his work. He would bury his mind in his work, forgetting, as much as possible, the fateful shadow creeping upon him. He straightened his shoulders. His eyes reflected a new courage.

"Edna, where's my bag? Quick, there's no time to lose."

"Here it is, on the table where it always is."

"Heh? Oh, thanks. Let's see. . . Yes, I've got everything. Don't wait up for me, Edna. I don't know when I'll be back."

"All right, dear."

Doctor Bartlett was about to leave the study when he saw his wife stoop and pick up something from the floor. She looked up and met her husband's gaze.

"Just your paper cutter," she explained. "I don't know how it got on the floor, do you?"

"No, no, I can't imagine how it did," he replied. The door closed softly behind him.

SURSUM CORDA !

Anna E. Higgins, '41

Dull drums dinning in the pulse of the world,
Shrill trumpet summons shattering the dawn,
Into destruction and chaos hurled
Man dies in agony, from agony born.

Still angels sing above in muted tones,
Drowned in the roar, and smoke, and flames,
Lost in the horror of hate that maims
The race of man. We hear the groans
And doubt. . .

To faithful hearts and true,
The angel song is clear, proclaims anew,
The Savior Christ is born again to you.

CONDENSED

Agnes F. Burckhart, '42

This world is full of a number of things
We all ought to be as happy as—condensers!

IN OUR modern day and age, the favorite game seems to be condensing. All things, great and small, have been subjected and straitened to the whims of the condensers. Incessantly, we see, hear, taste, and touch things that have suffered the indignity of "hanging their diminished heads" to fit the condensers' dimensions.

Tune in your radio at the early hour of six thirty A. M. Your sleep-bound ears will be bombarded with the rhythmic "one, two, up, three, four; over, one, two, three, up, four," of the gymnast who guarantees to streamline your loveliness into a lithe di Milo figure. You groan, blush at your ample proportions, and bury your head in the pillow.

After the news broadcast chirped in staccato tones, you hear the latest thing in advertising sung to the opening strains of "Yankee Doodle." A pleasant voice sings the name of this succulent-adjectived brand of dog food, and the closing strain is reinforced by a chorus of yelping dogs; a "we have it," "we want it" performance.

Breakfast attracts your attention. Good, old-fashioned oat meal greets your hungry gaze. Your appetite is quite taken away as you spy the cereal carton. In big blue letters you read its blatant message for harried housewives. You are informed thereby that the contents of this package is the new five-minute cooking variety, which has all the flavor of the old long-cooked kind plus vitamins B, A, to G; perhaps to Z, injected by a vita-light process.

Your daily household tasks are made less arduous, in fact, they are but play, by reason of these helpful condensers. You have fewer rooms to care for. Bedrooms are eliminated by the magic of the Simord's beds. These when unfolded from the wall metamorphose the living room into a sleeping chamber. The window seat opens up to show a deep cedarlined chest. The sliding bookcases, swung on their hinges, present backs fitted out with mirrors and toilet appointments. Seventy-six thousand steps are saved every year by housewives whose kitchens are arranged in a "u" shape and extended into a dining nook. In this way, a respectable five room house has been reduced to a mere cubicle.

By this new order of life, your marketing is made easier. You no longer procure food in its natural state; instead, you purchase a dried, an evaporated, or a condensed variety. Should you object even to the small effort that is necessary in order to prepare these food stuffs, just go to the nearest drug store and buy food energy which comes stored in soluble capsules.

And the abbreviation and condensation of feminine apparel! Your headgear seems no more than a bit of a bow, a few feathers, a plume or two, a flower, a fluff, held on by a spider-webby veiling. Your shoes have diminished by a toe and a heel. One slender spike, one sole, a few straps, and presto! an orthodox shoe. Your coats have been subjected to a rapid reduction; descending from long coats to three-quarters, to jackets, to boleros. A pair of ear-muffs plus your pride are guaranteed to keep you warm on the coldest winter day.

When in the evening, you sit down to relax, you again see the hand of the condensor in your reading material. Instead of your usual foot-high stack of papers and magazines, one

five-by-eight inches blue-covered volume reposes on your table. All matters of importance in the world of things and thought found in leading periodicals have been read, reread, dissected, then put together again for your education, edification, and delectation. Between the covers of this modern *vade mecum* you will find articles of such diverse information as for instance, the raising of potatoes, the forgotten man of Spain, the nylon industry, the settlement of strikes by arbitration, face lifting, the Axis powers, the Democracies, with a debate or two and a syncopated novel thrown in for good measure. By cultivating a devotion to this digest, you are guaranteed to become a walking encyclopedia. This is the condenser's first step on the royal way to knowledge.

Now we ask, why this fad for condensing? We answer, we do not know. We conjecture, however, that it may be due to laziness, to expediency, or perhaps, to a Scotch ancestry. Here and now we raise our voices in protest. Our campaign of extermination is on. Our battle cry is "Away with those who shout 'Eureka! it is condensed.'"

DUNKIRK

Mary E. Gallagher, '43

With heads erect they go their way
Unflinching, steadfast, loyal, one.
They know no words with which to say
"Success is yours, and we are done."
They lift no banner snowy white,
They know not how to yield the fight;
They only know that o'er the brine,
Surging, shifting, red as wine
With blood that flows in endless stream,
Lies Dunkirk.

They struggle valiantly along
Undaunted by the bombs that fall,
Ever ready with a song,
Or smile, or helping hand, and all
Work diligently day and night,
Through the darkness, through the light.
What care they for the blackout's gloom?
What care they for the ration card?
They only strive to keep their pact
With Dunkirk.

Morale runs high in every home,
Morale is meant in every toast,
In the heart of the maid who tills the loam,
In the heart of the sentry on his post
Is the ever present driving need
To aid the fight, avenge the deed
That hurled a challenge at their race,
That proved a blot on history's face,
They'll always fight until the day
Of victory, when they can say,
"We have avenged that awful night
At Dunkirk."

AUTOCRAT

Eileen Tosney, '43

Incessantly you've cast disdain.
Incessantly its angry tide
Has sought to fill my heart with pain,
But all in vain. I have defied
The wrathful flood that threatened me.
I know the sun disdains no one,
It shines on all, on slave and free;
I know the rain refuses none
Its gentle touch; nor stars their light;
And you scorn me? But by what right?

WAITING

Margaret M. Corcoran, '43

May 14, 19—

DEAR MARTIN,

I think you will wonder today why I am writing to you, but perhaps, later on in life you will understand. It seems a funny thing to do, to sit down and put all my thoughts on paper like this. I have never done it before that I remember, but tonight I find a hidden consolation in filling a paper with words, words that I have had within me for quite some time.

As I glance back at the top of the page I see that I have called you "Martin." To call you this seems strange for I have always known and thought of you as "Marty." Somehow "Martin" seems too stiff and formal to suit your winsome ways.

I remember the day I first saw you as clearly and as concisely as if it were yesterday. The late afternoon sunlight was sifting into the room in golden rays, rays that seemed to direct themselves to you, lying in your small bassinet. I stood to one side for a moment, afraid almost to become a part of your world. But my curiosity passed over my fear. I came over and looked down on you. Never before did I feel so completely a part of the world; I was fully conscious of everything in that room. The twin pictures above the fireplace, the gleaming andirons beside the hearth, the grey-blue pattern in the rug, all were a part of me, of my little world. The smallest objects became of the utmost importance to me. Like the prisoner, who on his last long journey notices the tiny blade of grass crushed beneath his foot, the speck of dust sifting down in the sunlight or the small stone

beside the pathway, I became aware of these small things, things I had never taken any note of before.

Why was this I asked myself later, puzzled by the new significance. Then the answer came to me. It was you, Marty. To you I owe a life with new meaning, one that promised to be rich in the simple pleasures.

As I recall our meeting I remember how your dark eyes questioned mine as you looked up at me. You seemed to be asking me if everything was all right. As my eyes answered back I vowed then and there that nothing ever would come in your way of happiness and that I would look out for you always. Ever since that moment of complete understanding I have tried to keep my promise. But I wonder. . . have I lived up to that promise?

The world you were born into, Marty, was a cruel one but a magic one. You were made heir, without any say on your part, to all the heartaches, sorrows, and disappointments that this world could bestow. But there was another side of that life, Marty, which you soon found and made your own.

It was, as I said, a magic world because you found pleasure mixed with the sadness. When all was not right in your little world you sought solace in the peaceful atmosphere of the quiet river which moved so lazily by our house. I found you there one Saturday, leaning dejectedly against that old pine stump, your fishing pole limp in your hands. You never told me what the trouble was, but I found out later that Willy Barton the day before had been chosen to be the pitcher for the fifth grade baseball team. You didn't say much to me about wanting to be pitcher, but I surmised it when you asked me to catch for you in the back yard every night after supper, the week preceding the selection.

You were deeply hurt then, Marty, but a few weeks after the first game, Willy burned his hand. Then you had a clear field to show what you could do. I laid aside my evening paper all during the baseball season to listen to fabulous deeds performed on the mound, secretly rejoicing that you had found your place in a man's world.

But later on your trials mounted in number and detail. This one day in April sticks out in my memory even today. It was a typical April day. Rain had been falling steadily for several hours. All the way home I had been thinking of how good it would feel to be home and to relax with the paper and my familiar briar. But you soon changed all that when you appeared at the door to let me in. I don't think I had ever seen such a sight! Your right eye was faintly ringed in light purple but at least it was open. Your left eye, closed entirely, gave you a quizzical air that went charmingly with your tattered shirt and ragged trousers. A cut lip added a dash of color to the pitiful scene. I suppose I had looked like that in my younger days and my father had had the same mixture of feelings that I was experiencing, as I saw you. After a few probing questions I gathered that the other combatant was Willy. And it seems to me now that all through your life Willy has been the cause of more than one argument and disappointment.

But a few years later there came a sorrow that was not Willy's fault. I remember the pang that went through me when the doctor said *paralysis*. I realized then again how much you were a part of my life. Really it was my life being lived over again in you. I wanted you to live like other boys, free and unhampered by illness and poverty. But I had forgotten, I think, that life was not all pleasure and what we

want it to be. There must be some sadness to make the happiness more achingly complete.

Hour after hour I paced up and down that hall outside your door, knowing with a positive sureness that I was powerless to do anything in any way, except pray. Whether you would walk or even move again rested with God. It was in His power to say yes or no. I think someone else must have been watching over you then too, Marty, for you pulled through. For many weeks you lay white and helpless on the living room couch, unmindful of the world outside. But when Spring came and lifeless twigs began to take on new life, you also seemed to pick up. Soon you were your old self again.

That time, Marty, my little world almost fell in on me. But it taught me a lesson, the lesson of unselfishness. When the pain of self-reproach passed away, my mind was washed clean, clean enough for friendship and laughter.

And I did laugh, Marty, during your high school years, at your broken down buggy with its crazy signs printed in staggering letters in the latest slang. I felt rather foolish the day I was late and you drove me down to the office. Going down Main Street I imagined that everyone was staring at me, but you carried it off with complete nonchalance, so like you. You wore this characteristic just like that old felt hat, tipped on the back of your head. To all the girls in the town you were *the* man of the hour. Our phone rang from dawn to dark echoing a never ending stream of the current slang.

How careless and carefree you were then! It was one escapade after another. I remember particularly the time you put that frog in Professor Swinton's desk when he came to our house to discuss the plans for the new library. He

was very much upset over the affair and declared he'd expel the rascal if he could find out his name. I was fidgety all evening for I knew that you had purchased a frog from Willy. There it was, Willy again. The crowning point of the evening was when you let the frog escape from you, oh unintentionally of course, and it jumped into the room, stopping at the Professor's feet. Twice in one day nearly finished the Professor and your high school career.

But life went on for you, Marty, a life rich in little things. Things I'd hoped you'd learn. To laugh as I did when things did not go quite as you expected them to; to pray when cares appeared to reign supreme; to wait for clean tomorrows.

I envied your youth, your grim determination, your courage to face the unknown tomorrows, unwaveringly. That was like you, Marty. The same old nonchalance in a rougher outer covering. The day of your graduation from college you stood straight and determined before me in your sober academic gown, your degree in your hand. Oh my son, always may you stand so proudly, unbeaten by the savage foe that little cares whose life is smashed to shambles.

I think from the time of Adam there has been war among men. You, my son, will not escape its farflung net. It will bring you closer to the hate and greed and sin that lie covered by waving grass and swaying trees. It is something you cannot escape; it is the destiny of every man. In your younger years there were little fights with Willy. Important battles they were then, but in the force of life's devastating struggles they were nothing.

I hope, my son, that you will learn to accept this. . . .

* * * *

At the sound of soft footsteps in the dimly lighted hospital corridor, the pen ceased moving over the snow white paper.

Eagerly Dave jumped to his feet to meet the approaching nurse.

"Is she. . . ?"

"Everything is just fine, Mr. Goodwin" the small brown-eyed nurse announced. "It's a boy, a husky, too, nine pounds. You may come in a few minutes, if you promise to be very quiet."

Having imparted the important information, she slipped away into the nearby room, letting Dave give his joyful "Whoopie!" to the empty corridor. Gathering up the papers that had fallen to the floor in the excitement, he sat down again on the hard bench and wrote busily for some minutes.

. . . and so my son, I will close this letter to you, written on the night of your birth. All my thoughts and dreams for you may not turn out as pictured here in this letter, some I hope will not, but that too rests with God.

May you, my son, always seek the best from life.

YOUR DAD

DREAM WORLD

Rose M. Buckley, '43

Beyond the mount of that far distant hill
A dream world nestled, ringed by fairy tree;
A world of lovely things remembered still,
Things we thought were just for you and me.

The sun faint filtered through the dancing leaves,
The graceful boughs called fancy's birds, ne'er still,
In elfin happiness we two believed,
The land was laved that lay beyond the hill.

And now I gaze upon that very tree,
The charm of that enchanted world is gone.
Perhaps it is because you're not with me,
Perhaps because I've been away so long.

That world of dreams will open ne'er again,
For you were seven then, and I was ten.

FOREVER

Marie McCabe, '43

ATTIRED in her newest "date-dress," her red-gold hair arranged in its most becoming style, Deborah sat, waiting for her fiance. This was the final night of his leave, and they had planned a gala evening. It was half an hour too early for him to arrive, but in her excitement Deborah had unconsciously hurried her preparations. Now, she idly sauntered over to the radio and turned it on, pushing a station button at random. She hummed to herself as the "Chattanooga Choo—Choo" started its millionth run, manned by one of the leading orchestras of the day. Suddenly, the train halted.

"We interrupt this program to bring you a special news bulletin. Japanese bombers attacked Pearl Harbor without warning earlier today. The exact number of casualties is not yet known. Keep tuned to this station for further developments."

The staccato voice of the radio announcer fell on Deborah's startled ears. For a moment she stood motionless, stunned by the unexpected news. Then, as the blatant tones of the popular dance band began again, she turned off the radio with an impatient click, and sank into a chair. The full significance of the report she had just heard worked itself slowly into her consciousness.

War! There could be no other course compatible with the nation's honor, now that such a dastardly attack had been made. She had feared the possibility of actual hostilities ever since Christopher had been drafted. The sight of him, so young and eager, in his drab uniform, had filled her with

a secret dread, a dread which she had striven to keep from him. He had sensed her feeling, however, and had tried to reassure her.

A soft light came into her eyes as she remembered the day he had gone away to camp. She had accompanied him to the station, and stood clinging to his arm as the train whistle sounded in the distance.

"Frightened?" he asked, looking down at her with the little crooked smile she loved so well.

"No-o-o—that is, not much," she answered, softly.

"That's the girl," he applauded. "After all, it isn't as if I were really going to war. I'll be away for just a year; then, when I come back, we'll be married."

"But a year is such a long time."

"I know, but it will pass quickly. I'll often be home on leave and besides, you'll be so busy, with all the things girls seem to have to buy and make before they get married, it will be next February before you know it."

"I suppose you're right," she admitted, "but just the same. . . ."

The rest of her sentence was lost as the train roared into the station. Christopher clasped her in his arms and kissed her tenderly.

"Good-by, darling," he whispered against her satin-smooth cheek.

"Good-by," she breathed.

"Bo-o-o-ard!" shouted the conductor.

Christopher put her from him, picked up his suitcase, and sprinted down the platform. As he swung aboard the last car, he turned and raised his hand in a jaunty salute. Deborah waved eagerly as long as her straining eyes could discern the

fast disappearing train. Then she turned and slowly left the station.

Chris had come home on leave several times since then. On each occasion, Deborah had been impressed by the new seriousness, the maturity in his appearance. It was not just the uniform, nor the improvement in his physical condition. No, it was something intangible, something spiritual, which only increased Deborah's love for him. Meanwhile, she busied herself in assembling furnishings for the home which she and Christopher would build when they were married. Her spirits rose as the months passed, and the day of his return drew nearer. Their plans received an unexpected setback, when, after more than half the year was gone, Christopher's term of service was lengthened by another six months. However, she had been learning a good deal of self-control during his absence, and she accepted this great disappointment more calmly than would have been possible a few months before.

The peal of the door-bell broke in on her thoughts. She flew to open the door. A tall, good-looking young man, dressed in the uniform of a private, first-class, stood in the doorway.

"Oh, Chris!" exclaimed Deborah, and suddenly burst into tears. She sobbed unrestrainedly for a few minutes, as Christopher awkwardly patted her shoulder, and murmured, "There, there."

"I'm sorry," she said brokenly, drying her eyes with the big white handkerchief he had slipped into her hand. "I didn't mean to be such a baby, but I just couldn't help it. Did you hear the news a few minutes ago?"

"Yes, I did, and I'm afraid I'll have to leave for camp tonight."

"How long can you stay here?" she asked.

"I don't have to leave for two or three hours," he replied, seating himself on the sofa and drawing her down beside him. He started to speak again, changed his mind, then decided to try again."

Clearing his throat, he began, "Deborah."

"Yes, Chris?"

"There is something I want to tell you. I saved it for tonight, in order not to spoil the good times we've had this week, but what just happened makes it harder to tell now."

"What is it, Chris?" she demanded, a nameless fear clutching at her heart.

"It's that, well. . . I've. . . ."

"Chris, tell me, please," she begged.

He took a deep breath, and the words tumbled out.

"I've been transferred to the Pacific coast."

"Oh, no!"

"Yes, I'm to leave in ten days. You know, Deborah. . ."

"Yes."

"This means that we probably won't be able to marry for a long while, as I don't know when I'll be home again."

"Oh, Chris, I'll try to be brave, but I don't see how I'll ever endure it."

Christopher was silent for a few moments, his brow wrinkled, apparently wrestling in his mind with some problem. When he spoke, there was a note of decision in his voice.

"Look, Deborah, all the way over here tonight I was thinking—why don't we get married now, right away, before I leave for the coast? We've waited so long already," he added.

As he was speaking, the vision of a wedding procession passed before Deborah's eyes. Six perfectly attired ushers,

six exquisitely gowned bridesmaids, a diminutive flower-girl, and a beautiful maid-of-honor preceded the bride, as she walked slowly up the aisle, on her father's arm, the train of her dress sweeping six feet. At the altar, she took her place beside a tall, serious-eyed young man, whose voice trembled a little with emotion as he repeated the age-old vows. The ceremony completed, Deborah and Christopher began their married life by assisting at the nuptial High Mass. Could she give up this dream which she had cherished ever since Chris had first asked her to become his wife? It seemed almost too much. And yet, it was such a trivial thing in comparison with the sacrifice which Chris had been called upon to make. Besides, he was going so far away. She hesitated a moment longer, then the beautiful bridal procession disappeared from view. She slipped her hand into Christopher's.

"Yes," she whispered, "we'll be married right away."

The next two hours fled by in a hectic rush to file their intentions to marry and to arrange with the parish priest to perform the ceremony. This last task was a little more difficult than they had anticipated, for Father Malloy, who had been Deborah's friend since the long ago days when she was preparing for her first Holy Communion, was determined to prevent her from making any mistake.

"Why don't you wait until Christopher comes back? After all, you're both really quite young, and it may be only a short time."

"But we've waited so long already, Father."

"I see. Well, I don't like to suggest this possibility, but—suppose he doesn't come back?"

Deborah felt that a chill wind had blown over her, but

she answered bravely, "At least we shall have had a few days, maybe just a few hours, together."

Father Malloy nodded sympathetically, then he said, "There's another angle that I don't think you've considered. What if Christopher is shell-shocked, or wounded seriously, and comes back to you a cripple in mind or in body, or both. Would you be willing to devote the rest of your life to caring for him?"

Here was a possibility which had never occurred to Deborah. She shivered involuntarily as she remembered the pitiful wrecks of men she had seen while working at the Soldiers' Hospital. If Chris, so fine and tall and strong, should come back as one of those! But, something inside of her argued, only a small percentage return like that. Certainly she could take that chance, and trust in God for strength and endurance if she should be singled out to bear such a heavy sorrow.

"I love him very much, Father," she replied quietly.

Father Malloy sighed and gave in.

"You always were determined to have your own way, Deborah," he said. "Well, I hope everything turns out all right."

The next few days were one long moment of waiting for Deborah. Christopher had found, on his return to camp, that it was practically impossible to get leave again before his departure for the west. Deborah was in an agony of suspense while Chris worked feverishly, trying every possible means of getting a few hours away. Finally, he confided his plight to the major's chauffeur, who mentioned it casually to the "old boy" himself. Chris was promptly summoned into the august presence.

"You want to get married?" barked the "old boy."

"Yes, sir," responded Chris meekly. "That is, sir, if it doesn't interfere with the plans of the army, sir."

The major with difficulty suppressed a grin.

"I guess the army will be able to manage for a while. Be back in nine hours, and remember, I don't know you are gone."

"Yes sir. Thank you, sir. I don't know what to say, sir."

"Be back in nine hours," repeated the "old boy," his voice regaining its normal gruffness.

"Yes, sir!"

Chris forced himself to walk from the room in a dignified manner, then raced to the telegraph office to communicate the good news to Deborah.

That evening, in the beautiful old church which was illuminated by tall, flickering candles, in the presence of their families, Deborah and Chris were married. If Deborah's voice trembled a bit as she repeated the solemn words, it was through exaltation, not through fear. Whatever the future might bring, whatever the trouble and grief she might be forced to endure, she would be secure in the strong and holy love which became hallowed at that moment, and would grow and deepen as the years passed.

THE INEFFABLE

Marjorie E. Greene, '43

What wondrous truth remains thus far untold?
Beneath a tangled shrub reclines some flower
Whose fragrance only forest winds unfold,
Whose beauty man in most discerning hour
Has never seen? Has all been said before?
Like brilliant star which cloudy skies conceal
Shines yet one hidden truth beyond our lore
Which deepest night of pondering may reveal?
Yea man, all undisclosed is infinite!
The centuries but surface ore have mined,
And none will ever reach the bottom pit.
Not truth is cloaked so much, but we are blind!
A million flowers never hear our tread,
A million stars will gleam when we are dead.

The Freshman Corner:

LITERARY NOSTALGIA

MARY ZIEGLER, '45

" 'Twas brillig and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogroves
And the mome raths outgrabe."

—LEWIS CARROLL.

THIS is my favorite piece of nonsense! Ever since my first trip through Alice's magic Looking Glass, this merry tongue twister has teased my fancy.

When I was about eight years old, drifting between the "Cinderella" and the "Father Finn" stages of childish taste, I discovered that Lewis Carroll satisfied my desire for a more subtly portrayed land of make-believe than could be found in my *Red Fairy Book*. I followed his Alice eagerly down the rabbit's hole, swam with her in the flood of her own tears, and wept in sympathetic vexation at her first unsuccessful attempts to force her way through the tiny entrance to the royal garden. The luckless little girl's frequent changes in size so delighted me that, for weeks, I longed in vain for similar chances to sample cakes labeled "Eat me" and to see enchanted mushrooms. The ridiculous climax of the book, the trial of the Knave of Hearts made a most vivid impression upon my imagination. I can still hear the shrill voice of the Queen, the humming of the court, and the scratching of the jurors' slate pencils, as the confused and rudely-treated Alice, suddenly regaining her normal size, shouted disdainfully, "Why, you are all nothing but a pack of cards!"

My disappointment at discovering Alice's Wonderland to be a mere figment of her dreams was dispelled by the prospect of plunging with her through a magic looking glass into the land of living chessmen. Over the checkered landscape I wandered with her, settling the quarrels of Tweedledee and Tweedledum, conversing with Humpty Dumpty, and consoling the sorrows of The White Knight. It always seemed unfair to me however, that, after making so much progress in the face of numberless difficulties with the Red and White nobility, Alice should have awakened just as she had reached the Queen's Row, and was about to be crowned.

That Alice's adventures held a deeper, satirical significance, I neither knew nor cared. They were "wonder books" to me, and awakened a thirst that had to be quenched. After reading and rereading them, memorizing "The Walrus and the Carpenter", "You are Old, Father William", and "Twinkle Twinkle Little Bat", I raided my local library for similar works.

Next I reveled in Charles Edward Carryl's *Davy and the Goblin*, sailing to the land of make-believe in an old grandfather's clock, piloted by a little red elf. Written after the style of Carroll's books, this fairy tale is replete with the gay whimsical humor expressed in the following lines:

"My recollectest thoughts are those
Which I remember yet,
And bearing on, as you'd suppose,
The things I don't forget.
And yet, the mostest thought I love
Is what no one believes:
That I'm the sole survivor
Of the famous forty thieves."

Frank Baum's immortal *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz*

conducted me on my third outstanding trip into fairyland. This much simpler, more appealing tale, I literally devoured. When it was filmed recently, I could not bring myself to see it, so afraid was I that the picture would destroy my original conception of the amazing inhabitants of the far-away land of Oz. Had I not been intimately acquainted with the little girl who was swept into this marvelous country by the breath of a cyclone? Had I not traveled along that road of yellow brick, all the way to the Emerald City, in the company of the Scarecrow, the Tin Woodman, and the Cowardly Lion? No one knew better than I the despair that filled the hearts of the four friends at the discovery that the much sought wizard, the powerful ruler of Oz, was a humbug. I pitied Dorothy in her long imprisonment by the Wicked Witch of the East, and rejoiced with her in the kindness of the beautiful Ruby Queen who made it possible for her to return to her native Kansas. In musing upon the delights of this fantastic, colorful land of Oz, however, I have often felt that, in Dorothy's place, I should have been tempted to forget the gray Kansas, and remain in the Emerald City forever.

My imagination alive with goblins, wizards, and witches, I peopled my own land of make-believe with them, filling notebook after notebook with my childish scrawlings.

Most men and women treasure early memories of storytelling hours, and of pleasant sojourns in the land of Mother Goose. My fondest recollections center, not around those well known nursery rhymes, but around the later joys, found in the company of Dorothy, Alice, Davy, and their remarkable friends.

Is it an indication of immaturity of mind that I cannot turn the old pages, and point out the illustrations to my little brother and sister, without a sense of the pleasurable excite-

ment that they will always hold for me? I hope not; I think not; for, as Frank Baum said, in commenting upon *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz*, these works are not so much for the young, as for the "young in heart."

EASTER - - 1942

Joan Clark, '45

HE HAD the watch just before dawn. As he patrolled the beach the young marine was deep in thought. He did not notice the beauty in the wild, strange scene before him: the cold, green waters pounding on the beach and sending up cascades of foam; the leaden sky hanging over land and sea. He saw only the safety in this scene. There were no enemy planes droning in the sky above him, nor was there sight of the periscope of an enemy submarine slipping in toward shore. Easter morning was to dawn in peace; for this he thanked God.

Squish . . . Squish . . . he felt the water oozing about his feet as he plodded through the wet sand. Across the sea he saw the sun breaking through the mists. He saw them first tinged with gold from the sun behind them. Then, suddenly, the sun broke through and the mists were dispelled. The morning light streaked across the sky. He stood for a moment, motionless, staring out across the sky. The gulls appeared, circling over the water, and swooping down to catch their prey. They rent the silence with their loud cries. Sounds drifted out to him from the barracks, a short distance away; the bugle note, the sound of the radio, men's voices laughing and talking. The small world at this distant outpost

had come to life. He remembered last Easter Sunday. It seemed so long ago, that it was almost unreal.

Then, the thoughts of war, of defense, of guns and uniforms had been vague and hazy. Then, the idea that he, too, would be serving his country as a marine within a year had never dawned in his mind. He thought with happiness of that Easter Day. The sun shone bright as he walked to Church with his family. It had rained the night before. A moist earthy smell was in the air; everything seemed washed and new. The sky was a deep, cloudless blue like that he saw above him now. His mother! How pretty she looked. He remembered the blue flowers that were on the hat she wore. They had teased her mercilessly because there were so many of them. He could see Sue, his little sister as she walked beside him, with a strangely demure air, endeavoring to give the impression that she was completely unaware of her new red reefer. He saw his father as he stood for a moment before the church door to greet a friend. He had been jubilant that morning. His great brown eyes sparkled, as they always did when he was happy.

The faint tolling of the church bell from the Church on the mainland awakened him from his reverie. Down the beach, he saw a motor boat pulling in to the wharf. It was the launch which took the churchgoers to the town for Mass. Another marine came running down to relieve him. He walked through the wet sand toward the launch. It had been a long and tiring watch but he felt strangely exuberant. He had realized something, that something we all have to realize. Easter may not dawn on a peaceful world, but it will not dawn on a despairing world. Hope, that is it, he thought, that is what Easter should symbolize this year; a firm, un-

shaken hope in God that He will bring order out of this chaos.

The tall, young marine strode across the landing and clambered into the boat. He sat down in the stern to wait until the others should come. His nostalgia had vanished. Somehow he knew that there, on that windy island far from the rain-washed streets of Glenville, and far from his family and friends, lay his real happiness. It was the true happiness which comes from sacrifice and from doing God's will. He had grasped the Easter spirit. He had learned the true meaning of hope.

AFTERMATH

Adelaide Feliciano, '45

Ach, Lieber Gott, the German mother wept,
Dear God, the English woman agonized,
A tortured heart within their breasts were swept
With fearful pain of loss now realized.
A tank had passed and taken dreadful toll
Of mangled flesh. A plane had plunged in flame
And glutted death once more could claim a soul
Bewildered, lost, not knowing whose the blame.
For Vaterland; for God and Home and King;
For Lebensraum; the Democratic Way
Of life; 'tis thus the men of power sing
Their song to those who learn too late, who pay
Through endless long and weary bitter years
With blood and death and futile burning tears.

READING AND REALITY

Mary Reardon, '45

FROM a few sheets of printed paper, may come another world of friends, not of strict reality, but of such convincing vividness as to become peculiarly personal allies. I have met among the pages of books hundreds of them delightfully different, wonderfully real. Time and understanding may broaden and narrow the field, but now, these are mine as I know them, for no two will mark the same meeting with a like degree of friendliness, or of hostility, or of mere toleration.

One of my earliest intimates was Christopher Robin. We grew up together, sharing our sympathies, marking our birthdays with renewals of a promised unending friendship. Alice came next; then David Copperfield, the child, with whom I, too, stood in awe of his half lovable, half terrifying Aunt Betsy. Mary Selwyn and *Little Women* were all part of this particular group. It soon grew wider, although the earliest friends never stepped into a shadow, but widened into a never-changing circle of friends, none the less intimate though numerous. With time came an attraction for the unexplored, and old loyalties were half cast aside by curiosity that grew into the opening of a new world.

I spent many days on the rugged cliffs of the Cornish coast, at the house in the midst of this beauty, the home of two persons admired by a countryside that was unaware of the unfortunate secret of Manderly. The gentle and inexperienced wife of Maxim de Winter was easy to love and befriend, and her striking contrast with Rebecca endeared her all the more.

For a refreshingly normal, happy family scene, there is

always a certainty of being graciously received by two of the busiest families of the country. In the loveliest part of the year, the Minivers may be found at Starlings, and company is always welcomed except, perhaps, by Robert at the home of the Provincial Lady.

When the mood prevails, I go to the north country, to the moors that I knew so well, where the heather sways uneasily under the pressure of a threatening wind, beneath grey clouds that always hover over Wuthering Heights. The place is in keeping with its brooding atmosphere; not a place in which to linger long, for its inhabitants match in spirit the wild beauty of the moors.

For a more exciting experience, it is quite a simple matter to cross to the continent, to France, where the pageantry and pomp of the society at the turn of the eighteenth century, unbelievable feats of courage were performed in breathless succession by the mysterious Scarlet Pimpernel. Where there is adventure, there is also to be found Father Brown. Although placed in a later century, he is a gentleman even more fascinating than the rescuer of the French nobility.

Although mysterious in tone, a serious problem is raised by the book, that of keeping faith in a strange, unnatural scene, a desolate world, suddenly stripped of its population, and save one, there is *No Other Man* to carry on the higher ideals of the universe.

When it is summer, Blandings Castle is at its finest. The absurdities of a rather lovable Lord Emsworth keep us smiling indulgently under the hypnotic spell of sheer fun. Late autumn afternoons, the day's classes dismissed, I walk with the loved master of Brookfield, usually accompanied by a troupe of laughing, lively boys, Mr. Chips no less enthusiastic than the most irrepressible. It is unheard of to refuse Mr.

Chips' invitation to tea, so we all noisily attend the most popular and most frequent gatherings in the county. Colley was always there when I stopped. I rather suspect the gentle Mr. Chips of having favorites.

Doctor Watson I enjoy, Oliver Twist I pity, Melanie Hamilton I love and revere. But above all the rest, I am aware always of two . . . one a young man, eager and alert, in the enthusiasm of youth, going into the dimness and shadow of a frightful struggle. It is Captain Cyril Rodney, R. F. A. Cyril, 1915 saying goodbye. Cyril, nervously frowning so constantly, then Cyril returning a double victor, to go back to the paradoxical horror and triumph of Archangel. Anselm Thornton is the other, and he is there, helpless to do or say a single thing to comfort Cyril. Then Thornton stands alone, wonderfully compelling and masterful in his personality, stimulated by the picture of two crosses graven in his heart, one in the shadow of the other in adoring imitation.

There are many other real friends in my book country for friends of fiction well selected live, as fairy fantasies, amusing companions, or vital influences.

EDITORIALS

Which?

To be able to analyze the external and surface causes of present world conditions is the work of a clear-sighted man such as Mr. Harry Scherman, author of the pamphlet *The Last Best Hope of Earth*. To be able to analyze the deep and spiritual causes of this same world crisis is the work of a spiritual man of vision such as Pope Pius XII, author of the Encyclical *Summi Pontificatus*.

Mr. Scherman unites the *physical* world in bonds of economic union; the *spiritual* world is bound, he writes, by "the arts, music, painting and great literature." True, the world is bound by a physical interdependence of one nation upon another; but it is intellectually, not spiritually, that we are bound by the arts, music, and great literature. For knowledge of the spiritual union of the world, we must seek an authority on spirituality, and our Holy Father tells us that all men are united in the Love of Christ.

The pamphlet of Mr. Scherman is a sort of "Halfway House," it shows the course of the body of man, and ignores the course of his soul. In discussing the cause of this crisis, Mr. Scherman places the blame on Germany's desire to be the "master race", to economically control the world. Pope Pius XII goes deeper into causes than that. The responsibility for present conditions rests not upon one nation. Germany precipitated events, but "forgetfulness of the law of universal charity—of that charity which alone can consolidate peace by extinguishing hatred and softening envies and dissensions—is the source of very grave evils for peaceful relations between nations." Our Holy Father states as adjutant causes, the deification of the state, the abandonment of authority and

moral force, the misdirected education of youth, the abuse of family rights.

Mr. Scherman would lay the blame for disunion upon the fact that politics has not kept in step with economics. We ask rather is it not because spirituality has been traded in for hard materialism? It has been reiterated again and again that man is not all body, he is composed of body and soul. Our Holy Father says, "Of all that exists on the face of the earth the soul alone has deathless life." To him who cares for our physical well being, we give grateful, temporal thanks, but to him who cries out for spirituality and struggles for the health of our soul, we shall give thanks for all eternity.

After the war, what? Mr. Scherman says a hard, fast peace must be won. Our Holy Father prays earnestly that charity and foresight will guide the minds which construct the terms of peace. Mr. Scherman stresses the necessity for a world-wide Peace Society, and an International Police. Will that prevent all future insurrection? Will awe of a man-made society, fear of any man's punishment, stem the flood tide of avarice and greed in man? We have tried it. Even in this country, policed and be-lawed as it is, crimes break out.

Is it not necessary, then, that man look inside himself for restraint, use the powers of his own soul as a curb rein? Widespread Christian charity will check future violence, it can make a Paul out of a Saul, a saint out of a sinner. When love of God and neighbour enters the hearts of all, peace will come. How propagate this international Christian love? By prayer and example. Idealism? Yes, but a workable, straight idealism that will give the world back its heritage of true values.

Dorothy A. Gannon, '42

Must Beauty Look After Itself?

One of the dangers inherent in our civilization, one that may very well destroy it is the relegating of the aesthetic to the background of our living. Today, militarism is the ideal most emphasized. Our predominating thought is the defense of ourselves and our country. It is not an unnatural attitude. We have been attacked. Our first thought concerns itself with a means to repel that attack. But bodily protection is not all important. Man has a soul which craves sustenance and protection likewise.

That soul needs beauty. What is life without it? What satisfaction could there possibly be for a generation bred in a society where beauty is absent? In the past, governments have striven to build up a society, the sole aim whereof was the construction of an impregnable war machine. They seemingly disregarded the fact that man disintegrates when his spiritual life is neglected. Therefore, the material means which conquered their enemies ultimately destroyed them. Will the same fate be ours?

There is a preventive. That preventive may very well lay in our hands. We, collegians, have been exposed to the best in art, in music, in literature. We have had intimate contact with minds trained in these arts. It is our manifest duty to nurture this heritage that is ours, to keep it from destruction by the rude hands of warfare, to pass it on intact to a future generation. Today, so much approbation is given to a distorted art, so-called. Works that composers struggled to perfect are remodelled to pander to less cultured minds. Reproductions which reached their height in the paintings of the great masters are made to stoop to meet the requirements of the moving pictures, an art that is a hybrid, at best. Literature sinks in the balance of taste; young minds that

know nothing better are gorging themselves on it. There are standards in all fields; those of Beauty must be kept high.

Be it our resolve that while we fight for freedom we shall also fight for Beauty's life and preservation. Let us use the best that is in us to prevent our age from losing its perspective, in order that unmitigated defense of body may not prove to be a Trojan horse!

Helen P. Shea, '42

* * * *

This is the Heyday of Pseudo-Criticism:

Criticism is in its heyday, save the mark! War strategy and government policy naturally bear the brunt of it. There is scarcely a man who does not indulge in it. It is true, that only those criticisms which get into print or onto the air-waves have any wide-spread effect, yet the harm they can occasion is enormous, if the general public does not take them with a grain of salt.

As a literary art, criticism is invaluable. As a means of expression, it is the inalienable right of a free people; the earliest right to vanish under oppression. But, all criticism is not based on sound judgment. In this matter, our obligation enters here. We must distinguish between the true and the false; between an honest criticism and one dictated by prejudice; between a non-partisan, temperate judgment, and an emotional, personal opinion, prompted by politics, pseudo-patriotism, or popular appeal.

A criticism is worth just what a critic's mental acumen is worth. Consequently, the answers to the questions: Who is the critic? What is his erudition? What is his sympathetically imaginative power? should give a fair indication of the importance of his utterances. An excursion to the Arc de Triomphe, or a docking at Cobh, does not give one

the necessary knowledge to criticize Pétain or de Valera. A communist could hardly be expected to give an unbiased judgment of the Soviet Regime.

Fervid praise or frigid blame is not the soil whence springs the hardy plant of just criticism.

Ethel M. Morrissey, '42

* * * *

The Rounded Meaning of "V":

So sings the Psalmist: "With thee is the fountain of life; and in thy light we shall see light." These are hard times. What must we College women do? We all want to do something to help, but what is tangible? The answer lies in our insignificant acts. A boy held a finger in a dike-leak and prevented a flooded land! A woman made a flag and symbolized a unified nation!

The Twentieth Century Betsy Ross may be an efficient business woman who finds time to spend a few hours at Home Defense. Mothers have not only given their sons to this great cause, but do much knitting, take home-nursing courses, and perform other sacrifices significantly insignificant. We do not have to wear white uniforms to be unsung angels of mercy; but we all can sally forth with the challenge of the indefatigable Clara Barton: "If I can't be a soldier, I'll help a soldier." We College educated women carry now a heavy weight of responsibility. We should uphold the high intellectual standards of American life. In the field of Journalism, in the professions, in the arts, we should disseminate our Catholic propaganda so alien to the tactics of modern dictators. Women's Colleges should be more than diploma mills. We can be not only our own spiritual architects, but can fashion the mould of future living.

Let us beware lest the eclipse of truth will bring about the

blackout of peace. So many of us want to be heroines without being heroic; ideal without possessing idealism; to strengthen morale without heeding morals; to love without sacrificing. Let our "V" be for Virtue and Vigour, in order that men may pray in peace!

Marguerite A. Hern, '42

THE PACK OF AUTOLYCUS

"My father named me Autolycus . . . a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."

"Jog on, jog on the footpath way,
And merrily hent the stile-a.
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad heart tires in a mile-a."

The Winter's Tale, IV, iii

The Esplanade in the Spring: The North End in the Spring.

The first setting shows Beauty caught and held. The white-capped clouds, the crisp breeze, the gleaming sun, the tender shoots bordering the walks, the frisky dogs, the nurse-shepherded children, all of these sent the same message to my mind: "Spring! How beautiful!"

The children played the games that children all the world over play; but with what an air of quiet they pursued them. No screaming, no boisterousness; all was politeness and propriety. Poor little rich tots who took their pleasures so seriously! Even among the pedigreed dogs that

frisked about on the green there seemed to be a quiet undoggyish reserve. A casual sniff or two was all the greeting they gave their kind.

While the children and the dogs amused themselves decorously, while the elderly ladies talked on and on, while the nurses waited for and upon their charges, and the male servants anxiously watched the dogs, the sun began to set. Its golden rays were catching at the color of the children's clothes, and the shining metal of the dogs' collars. The scene was a pageant of color and harmony enveloped in an air of quiet reserve, peace, and culture. How beautiful and peaceful is life in Spring!

* * * *

A few minutes marked my passage from the Esplanade to the North End. Here was a squalid street banked by dingy stores on my right and the gutter on my left. Children, dogs, and adults again peopled the scene; but what a difference! Children in filthy garments dashed in and out among the carts and wagons. Shouts of glee and of pain rapidly succeeded one another. Mangy dogs fought and growled. Lines of half-washed, ragged clothing barred the blue sky. Women leaned out the windows screaming pleasantries or diatribes to their across-the-street neighbors.

Confusion, noise, pain, and joy here intermingled. A bit of the original chaos seemed to have reached this spot. Now the sun had set. The first shades of twilight fell upon this stark realism that these people know as life. In truth, Beauty must look after herself in these surroundings that so sedulously and well have obliterated all her semblance.

These places are but five minutes apart as one walks. They are years apart as one thinks in the terms of humanity. Here is a living, forceful example of "Man's inhumanity to man."

* * * *

Thoughts After a Spell of Movie Going:

The sameness of Hollywood's representatives of the drama begins to cloy after a while. One goes to the movies week after week hoping optimistically that he will eventually see something different. However, the heroes and the heroines (especially the heroines) never vary the monotony of their made-up appearances and their glorified mannerisms. Exceptions? Well, Bette Davis and a very few others may be eliminated. The majority are poured into the same mould. They all exhibit mutual admiration. Perhaps, rather, they represent the unbounded admiration of a make-up artist for a model that was perfection for him in days gone

by. Whatever be the reason, it is a fact that the mouths of the stars all look much the same; they wear identical false eyelashes; their combined eyebrows exemplify a perpetual state of innocent surprise.

Should this artifice remain permanent? Have not the love and the lure of the individual charm never petered through to Hollywood? To stereotype is to court disaster, witness the good-riddance demise of the platinum blonde. No copy, be it ever so perfect, holds the appeal of the original; yet the obviously copied continues to be presented for the delectation of long-suffering movie goers. Wake up, Hollywood!

* * * *

Signs of Spring:

Let all doubts be dispelled; Spring is here! Present my evidence? Certainly. Balmy, sunny mornings, robins, blue-jays, flowered hats, roller-skaters, organ-grinders, and class-cutters. There they are; but stay, for I have more (any likeness to Donne, is purely coincidental). I have seen Spring personified, in a Senior student, so imbued and exhilarated with the force of Spring ambition, that she arrived twenty-four hours too early for a class. Identified by a pair of green beads, she was delivered to her right classroom, and was forced to allow one more day to elapse before interpreting the insidious nuances of certain Modern Poets. She showed a fine spirit of promptness, though, one that would be well worth adopting, say, for instance, by our United States Army. The method is easy, just arrive twenty-four hours early, sit and wait for the attack, repel it, and there you are . . . we can only hope that Spring will affect the army as it did our punctual Senior.

Yes, Spring is here, and we welcome it, but we certainly will miss our friends, the Knights of the Road. Every morning we met a member of this good-natured Club, as we sat in our steaming '35, and waited for a push to the nearest watering post. You know, we have nothing against the '35 itself, it's a sturdy little car except on cold days. But when the motor *does* go back on us, and the radiator leaks the Anti-Freeze, the water pump throws grease, and the hose is frozen solid, then all this little car's sins are apparent to the public, and we blush for shame for it. We steam down the street, nodding affirmation to the helpful passers-by's information, given by rapid downward points and various shouts (which we can't hear, it's cold and the windows are closed, but we get the general idea). "SHE'S FROZE." Finally, the cause of our shame stops dead, and we must needs wait for a Knight of the Road to administer the saving push. We'll sure miss these genial Knights of the Road, but perhaps there will be a band of them operating in the Spring (blowouts, you know).

CURRENT BOOKS

A Treasury of the World's Greatest Letters. Edited by M. Lincoln Schuster.

New York: Simon and Schuster, 1941. 563 pages.

With the same care and precision that a connoisseur of fine wines selects the choicest vintages, Mr. Lincoln Schuster selects from the world's letters those which give proof of the best things said in the ages. Between the covers of this not too large book pictures of human hopes, desires, fears, and experiences are etched. These representative letters are classified under twenty generic headings that embrace life and living. In some instances, writers are represented by but one work; in others, they are represented by cycles of correspondence; while in still others, they are listed in their replies.

Three hundred thirty-four B.C. opens up the time period with Alexander's famous reply to his taunting enemy, Darius. The swagger of braggadocio shadows the words of his faith and confidence in his own high mission. Then the far-famed letter of St. Paul, the mystic of ecstatic love of Christ, to the Corinthians blazes forth his daring message to a pride-engulfed and luxury-loving people: "For all things are yours, and you are Christ's, and Christ's is God's." Diametrically opposed to this challenge of the intrepid Apostle is found the reply to the monster Nero from his ill-fated mother Agrippina. Jerome lets flow his shuddering pen to trace the fall of Greece, and even while he is so doing he is all unwittingly recording the fall of Rome, which the saint witnessed before his friend received this letter.

The centuries march on. Their famous writers are here assembled at their task or pleasure of letter inditing. Heloise and Abelard splash the period of the twelfth century with the minute details of their amours. Their passions run the gamut of the emotions, and die upon the very intensity of their unrestraint. Two hundred years later record the letters of Columbus grandiloquently styled with the overwhelming report of his discoveries. Columbus, as some wag has said, did not know where he was going, did not know where he was, and did not know what he had found—and it was America!

The unhealthy passion of Henry VIII for Anne Boleyn which shook the world of religion and morality is here recorded in a cycle of letters. The statesmen Franklin, Jefferson, Washington advise, remonstrate, wax

indignant, and fulminate over the state of the young country whose untried shoulders have now, atlas-like to bear the burden of democracy.

Love letters, barers of the human soul, find a large section allowed them. Napoleon's letters growing shorter and less frequent to Josephine because of his new infatuations; poor tragic Keats's letters to Fanny Brawne penning in words that burn and sear his uncontrolled love for her; Robert Browning tenderly and reverently breathing his love for Elizabeth Barrett after a very decorous period of writing their appreciation of each other's genius—all hold an intense interest.

The classical letter of Robert Louis Stevenson which replied to the cowardly attack on Father Damien of Molakai. Mr. Hyde, the defamer of the Leper Hero, was castigated out of court, and has had to hide his diminished head before all lovers of justice, chivalry, and truth.

You should leaf the pages yourself to find the letters of near notables and literateurs of this day and age. Therein you shall find yourself a looker-on in the artists' arena of life; you shall likewise find yourself at home there.

This book is a tribute to the painstaking and critical judgment of its editor. That it was a labor of love is indicated on every page. Mr. Schuster's thesis that the great events of history have their foundation in the basic passions and interests of men is proved by the revelations of the letters in this well chosen, scholarly compiled, and ably edited book.

Agnes F. Burckhart, '42

Windswept. By Mary Ellen Chase. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1941. 440 pages.

Mary Ellen Chase has written a novel pregnant with wisdom. It is good to come upon such a novel, clean and clear as a mountain stream. Miss Chase knows people and their potentialities. In this book, sociologically centered, the thesis is that men should go back to the land and re-establish their broken homes. All of her well-drawn characters are rooted in *Windswept*, their home. All the episodes, variant as they may be, are united in the characters' love for their home, the pivot around which they all rotate. The setting is so accurately described that few realize the spot is a figment of the imagination, not a real locality. The background of scenery is on that rock-bound coast of Maine where it flames out in gorgeous colors. The story begins and ends in Autumn, when

"the land glowed with patches of scarlet and crimson, rust and gold, above the green and purple sea."

Windswept presents characters of fine quality. Perhaps Mother Radegund leans a little away from the truthfulness of a nun's life. She may be Miss Chase's ideal nun; she is not ours. The character of John Marston is idealized; Jan, the peasant, is beautifully and realistically presented. She loves her characters with a sympathetic imagination and true emotion. Although one person in each of the three generations of *Windswept* is killed, yet Miss Chase embraces him before she sends him to his doom. Humor sparkles through the pages of this book. All in all, her characters are so lovable that we hate to say goodbye to them.

Her style is strong, thought-provoking, attuned to each incident. She sees far below the surface findings of things, and hides a telling prophetic utterance in the casual remark of Mother Radegund: "I wonder if some day all this control of power isn't going to turn on us and control us to our own hurt."

No gloomy fatalism broods over *Windswept*. The book ought to live because of its truth, its human element, its uplift. It should make one realize how much man needs to come home!

Marguerite A. Hern, '42

All The Day Long. By Daniel Sargent. New York: Longmans, Green and Company, 1941. 256 pages.

". . . Cultivate reliance on the Providence of God and note His actions on our lives and on the lives of those dear to us. You will sometimes be astounded." These words, written by Bishop James Anthony Walsh of Maryknoll shortly before he died, show us the character of his life and of the Mission Movement that he established in America.

In this excellent biography, Daniel Sargent gives us the story of the man who, more than any other, changed the attitude of Catholicism in the United States from that of indifference to foreign missions to that of enthusiasm for them. James Anthony Walsh was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, on February 24, 1867. There was nothing in his youth to presage his future influence and activity. Of her six children, he was the one destined by his mother for the altar; and his early life and education centered around this plan. Thus it was that "in September of 1886", as the author puts it, "he took a horse-car toward the setting sun to the

Brighton hills," to the Seminary of Saint John. It was while he was in the seminary that his interest in the foreign missions developed. Abbé Hogan, the Rector, inculcated in his seminarians an "understanding of what is general apostolicity by acquainting them with the apostolicity of the foreign missions. He wished to show them that the days of the twelve Apostles were not passed, nor were the days of Nero. The same Christian story of all the ages was still going on." Foreign Missions now had become so much a part of the world of James Walsh that he began to do something tangible for them: praying for them, collecting for them, and writing for them.

He was ordained on May 20, 1892 and was assigned to Saint Patrick's Church in Roxbury. While there he led an active parish life, working among the people and helping them in every way. He endeared himself to them all. . . "It was his power of giving attention that attracted attention." In March 1903, Father Walsh was chosen to be the director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith in the Boston Diocese. One might wonder if he were endowed with the gift of foresight when we learn that, at this time, he felt definitely: "I am going to stay at this work in some form or other for the rest of my life." At his new task of Director he worked long and diligently to arouse in the people an interest in missions. At a meeting of the Missionary Union in Washington, D. C., in 1904, Father Walsh, for the first time publicly presented his view that the whole world must be envisaged by American Catholicism before they could be awakened to any interest in missionary activity. In his audience was Father Thomas F. Price, "a battle-scarred missionary" of North Carolina, whose North Carolina stood for the whole world. But as he listened to Father Walsh he was deeply moved. Divine Providence was acting. At this meeting began the friendship in Christ that was to continue forever and that was to exercise such an influence on Catholic America.

Daniel Sargent has done well. He has given us the simple story of "the greatest missionary that America has ever given to the Church". He has given it to us with large sympathy for and deep understanding of the character of the man himself. This biography promises to do much to arouse in its readers an interest in the Cause and in the Leader who, for its sake, labored "All the Day Long."

Josephine McDonough, '42

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KINSHIP

Betty Ricker, '42

IT is encouraging to note that there are today poets who believe in dogma, and who can most happily lyricize that dogma in simple, and, at the same time, soaring verse. Perhaps, here in the United States, the two such outstanding poets are the Reverend Leonard Feeney, S.J., and Sister Mary Madeleva, C.S.C.

The true poet sings of beauty, goodness, truth, not presenting them as separate and alien themes, but as one and the same. Let us consider *Recipe for a Butterfly* by Father Feeney, and *Beech Trees* by Sister M. Madeleva, as examples of the skill with which these apostles of beauty work. Here is Father Feeney's imaginative creation of a butterfly, his beauty on the wing:

Cut two radiant strips of rainbow veil
From heaven high;
Dip them first in a rose's, then in a violet's blood,
The while they lie;
Scatter them o'er with the powder caught from a moony mist
And let them dry.
Reach up above and pull two little, gold starry eyes
Out of the sky.
The whole throw gently into the breath of a garden wind,
And it will fly! !

Sr. M. Madeleva sees beauty static but varied:

I passed a wood of beech trees yesterday
And I am shaken with its beauty yet.
Why should my breath catch and my eyes be wet
Because a hundred trees some yards away
Know simply how to dress in simple gray,
Are passed beyond the need of epithet,

And beautiful past power to forget?
I dare not think how they will look in May.
They wore illustrious yellow in the fall.
Their beauty is no thing at which they guess.
And when they put on green, and when they carry
Fans open in the sun or folded small,
I'll look through tears at ultimate loveliness.
Beeches in May, beeches in February.

Whether the poet is Religious or not, he should be able, wittingly or unwittingly, to handle every subject sacramentally, for all are signs or symbols of God. Therefore, these two poets wrote freely of persons, animals, nature, things. In their genius, they seemed almost able to inform these subjects with a sense of the spiritual. For example, Father Feeney's *Snails*:

Snails obey the Holy
Will of God slowly.

Under the magic of his pen, washerwomen, policemen, beggars, milkmen, butchers, soldiers, even the ashmen step forth glorified. Often, he is content with simple picturization and slight characterization, quite frequently ending in a humorous quirk. Sister M. Madeleva cannot permit any word picture to leave her hands until it is in her mind complete, and she is assured that all must see what she sees.

Simplicity is the infallible criterion of greatness. Aptly Father Feeney sings:

. . . the height of felicity
Lies in simplicity!

It is this quality, more than any other, which gives poetic value to the works of both these poets. Their poetry is simple in subject matter and in diction, yet a true philosophy vivifies it. What a fundamental truth of right living is found in *The Rose*:

Perfume and petal
Are qualities
That test love's mettle
With too much ease.
Bramble and briar
Will soon discover
Who is the liar
And who is the lover!

The source of this quality of simplicity is found in their consecrated lives.

The average reader may be inclined to believe that their poetry is easily and quickly penned; that it is the product of native ability alone. The truth is that it is the combination of natural talent with long, arduous labor. Father Feeney's poetry tends to heighten the erroneous impression. He avoids the more complex poetical forms. His style, completely his own, is invariably simple. He detests the modern technical trends in versecraft, which, in many instances, can be called "poetry" only by courtesy. Father Feeney points a remedy in these lines:

Our tuneless asses cannot climb
Parnassus, so perhaps it's time
For reason to return to rhyme.

Concerning his own work, he declares: "I write very slowly and laboriously. What people are pleased to call my whimsicality is the result of what seems to me an almost infinite amount of labor, of studying an idea up and down and all around it . . . a poem is a thing that positively will not come to me except when it wants to." In the reading of Sr. M. Madeleva's poems, we are impressed by the same feeling of effortless achievement. The *Ballad of the Happy Christmas Wind* catches the very wind flight:

I ran across the midnight blue;
I ran across the ages, too,
I have it, have it here for you.

But how carefully was the piece worked out for these effects.

Nothing is so fascinating as the development of poetic growth. When one compares Father Feeney's later volumes of poetry with the first, one finds a definite departure from the more conventional poetic forms. The poems of the later books are shorter, more distinctive in style, less inclusive, more daring and magical. Surprise brings one up short at every turn. Witness, *Danny's First Communion*:

Impotent now the wisdom
And sword of Solomon
If mothers come to quarrel
About this little son.

For truly this is Danny,
And really this is Jesus;
The whole of him is Mary's,
And all of him Louise's.

Silvery threads of Gaelic humor run through the pattern of his verse. His wit is barbless. The one inescapable quality of his poems is a refreshing originality. His poems are he: humorous, paradoxical, courageous, humble. He is convinced that humility is an integral factor for literary composition. Undoubtedly, this explains his predilection for themes centered around the little crib nestled among the Bethlehem hills:

Goodnight, sweet Jesus, and take Thy rest,
Be happy now in Thy narrow nest,
Thou must not notice Thy Mother weep—
Hear her lullaby, and go to sleep!

Sister M. Madeleva also handles the Incarnation theme admirably. Joyousness, gratitude, reverence, love are the sentiments that both poets feel and transmit to the reader. Sister M. Madeleva, the Nun, implores of Mary:

Mother all fair,
Lay Him within my hungry arms to sleep;
Lay Him within my hungry heart to keep,
Adorable, holy,
Little and lowly.
And let earth's shepherds, let heaven's seraphim
So find me with you Christmas night, adoring, loving Him.

Her later poems are "out of the swing of the sea" of passionately expressed love. A quiet peace pervades them. *Song* declares:

You are the young moon's bright
Joy in the innocent white
Snow, are the star's delight
In their deep heaven's height.
Sweet, read my song aright.
You are my love. Goodnight.

One of Sister's characteristic traits is her deep-rooted attraction to *whiteness*, and all things *white*. In *Communion* we catch the charm of this white peace:

Having held you
I have held whiteness intense and austere as the snows that rest
On that far, lone mountain, against my breast.
I have held whiteness more shining and splendid than clouds that start
In still skies of summer, upon my heart.
I have held whiteness more wistful and dear than a child's alarms,
Than a flower upfolded, within my arms.
I have held whiteness that burns like a flame, that broods like a dove
In my soul forever, I have held love.

While it is within the reach of many poets to move us with beauty of language and richness of imagery, it is only the

exceptionally gifted artist who can stir our hearts and wills to nobility of soul. Perhaps one of the most vitally moving poems of Father Feeney is *Nails*. It would be almost desecration to curtail it:

Whenever the bright blue nails would drop
Down on the floor of his carpenter shop,
St. Joseph, prince of carpenter men,
Would stoop to gather them up again;
For he feared for two little sandals sweet
And very easy to pierce they were
As they pattered over the lumber there
And rode at two little sacred feet.

But alas, on a hill between earth and heaven
One day—two nails in a cross were driven,
And fastened it firm to the sacred feet
Where once rode two little sandals sweet;
And Christ and His Mother looked off in death
Afar—to the village of Nazareth,
Where the carpenter shop was spread with dust
And the little blue nails, all packed in rust,
Slept in a box in the window-sill;
And Joseph lay sleeping under the hill.

This comparative study is necessarily incomplete. These poets are alike; they are different. When their poems have been carefully studied, the student finds himself at the Source of all Life and living. There is only one possible path that will lead him to an understanding of these two modern poets. That path is Love. Yet, this one factor which they hold in common contains the only answer to the problem of the undeniable dissimilarity of their method of treating this theme. Though each is a happy troubador singing Christ, one sings to His Divinity; the other, to His Humanity.

Modern America would do well to hope that they will continue to sing for the ears of a warring world; can only pray that soon the voices of their contemporaries will swell the melody of these two voices to a veritable chorus of song.

LOVE

Eileen McSweeney, '42

The door is locked tightly
On my heart's home; and He
Who kindled our spirits
Has taken the key.
Your strong eyes now lifted
In humanity's care
Are fixed on your Lover,
Your lips move in prayer.

On bent knees I thrill
With a tear and a smile,
To think that I shared
With God for a while
A heart He desired.
But I'm sure that we'll meet
Again side by side
At the great Lover's feet.
So, sweetly in sorrow
I love you but more,
For the Lover of lovers
Is whom you adore.

AND NOW GOODBYE

Helen P. Shea, '42

SHE ran down the stairs for the mail as she had done every morning since she was old enough to get mail. She sat down at the breakfast table and shuffled the letters leisurely. The top one was a bill, next came a letter for her father, then a letter for her from Alice, another bill and—suddenly her body grew rigid, a queer excitement flooded her brain. It could not be. But it was. She could not mistake that hand-writing, careless, sprawling, yet somehow attractive. It was from Mickey. Yet, why should he write to her after all these months? She tore open the envelope with trembling fingers.

Francie, she read,

I'll be home next week. I want to talk to you. I'll
call you Saturday morning. Mickey.

Just like that. After a year and a half he thought he could walk back into her life and she would welcome him with open arms. Well, she would show him. Let him call Saturday. Let him call Sunday and Monday and Tuesday. She would refuse to talk with him. She would show him that he could not upset her life again.

But why did he have to come back now, she asked herself, just as she had solved all her doubts. For the past two months everything had been perfect. She and Douglas had announced their engagement. She was graduating from college in June and two weeks later they were going to be married.

Life with Douglas would be the life she desired, the life she had dreamed of. She knew from the first that she was never cut out for the sort of life Mickey would provide. She had loved him, yes, she had loved dancing with him, laughing with him, just being with him. It was when he was not with her that she began to wonder. Life was more than a series of ups. It had its downs, too. But Mickey refused to recognize the downs; there were no downs for Mickey. Nothing was serious enough in life to constitute a down. And that could cloy after a while. Because there were problems in life; everybody had them.

It was senseless to pretend them out of existence, but they became less terrifying if two looked at them together and attempted to solve them. Mickey laughed at her problems, and soon she laughed too and forgot all about them; until later when she opened the door to her own room. Then she realized that Mickey's cure was not hers and could not be hers.

Often she told herself that she would not see him anymore. They were too unlike each other temperamentally. Up to this point she had always faced issues, made herself face them, derided herself if she caught herself dodging reality. But this was one issue she could not face. She feared the very thought of separation from Mickey. She quickly put from her mind the presentiment that it would come eventually. Even now with her memories of him blurred, as all memories must inevitably become after being rubbed with the soothing balm of time, even now she sometimes wondered how she had lived through the months after he went away.

The night that he told her he was leaving was the night of her Junior Prom. She had bought a new dress, one that

she knew she could not afford, but one that after a brief look at she could not resist. She could have had it in blue or in white. She chose the latter. In the innermost recesses of her mind she felt a slight preference for the blue, but Mickey liked white for evening. She bought the white one.

Mickey was unusually gay that night, gay even for Mickey. For some reason no matter how she tried she could not match his gayety. But she had wanted the evening to be a success and so she made herself smile at his jokes. She could still feel the tautness of her cheeks when she left him to powder her nose. See, she said to herself perversely in the confines of the powder room, do you see what life would be like with him? One round of gayety after another, gayety for breakfast, gayety for lunch, and a double order of gayety for dinner. She shut her compact quickly and left the room. But the next half hour gave her a chance to taste life without Mickey.

"Francie," he said on the way home, "I have a job in South America and I'm leaving next week. I didn't tell you before because I wanted you to have a good time tonight. I'm sorry about us but I don't want to settle down and become the model husband and there's no use pretending I do."

And he went unabashed, unhampered by remorse, while she settled down to lonely months without him, months of longing for him, of vainly trying to interest herself in other things. She had given up going to parties altogether. She met Douglas only because her brother brought him home to dinner one night.

She liked him from the first, finding in him all the qualities Mickey lacked. He was sympathetic and dependable. Men admired him and Bill, her brother, said the girls in the office were "nuts about him." There was none of that mad

longing she had felt for Mickey where Douglas was considered. But she loved to hear him talk and glowed with pride when others praised his intelligence, his ability. Those were the things that counted, she was certain of that now. And because she was certain perhaps she would see Mickey after all. Yes, she concluded she would have Joan tell him when he called Saturday morning that she would love to see him. Just before he came she would take her book down to the beach and she would see him there. You couldn't very well stage a dramatic scene in the presence of the whole family and the beach would be deserted at this time of year.

She dressed carefully Saturday. She wanted to impress Mickey, to prove to him that she could go on living without him, and happily, too. Not that she really cared what he thought, but it would be amusing to see his face when she told him she was going to be married in another month.

Down on the beach she opened her book and turned the pages at random. The setting was perfect, she decided. The beach was deserted, as she knew it would be. The waves lapped gently against the high rocks and the gulls courageous in the stillness of the late afternoon swooped shoreward in search of food. She remembered other days when she and Mickey had packed a lunch and wandered out to the point. She was glad that. . . but there was Mickey. She rose, suddenly unsure of herself, and went toward him.

"Francie" he said, grasping her hand, "it's good to see you again."

"It's good to see you, Mickey," she said.

"I guess you know why I've come back," he began slowly.

"Yes," she said.

"Francie," he exclaimed suddenly, "let's get married right

away. I'm sorry for the way I acted. But I'll make it up to you. I'll—

"You didn't know I'm engaged to be married, Mickey?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered, "they told me. But, Francie, we love each other. You can't marry somebody else. I know it will be tough on him, but he'll get over it."

He'll get over it! She could bear no more.

"He'll get over it," she cried, feeling all the pent up emotion of the past months flare out. "That's what you say, that's what you'll always say. You go through life hurting whomever you please and then saying 'they'll get over it.' Well, listen to me," she continued, vainly trying to stop the tears that ran down her cheeks, "I won't marry you! I don't love you, and I never want to see you again!"

"I'm sorry, Francie," he said. "I shouldn't have come to you. Forget the whole thing. I'll go now."

He turned dejectedly and walked down the beach.

She looked after him in wonderment. Mickey dejected, Mickey apologizing, Mickey giving in. She couldn't believe it, yet she had to believe it because she had seen it with her own eyes. But why did the sight of him this way have such power to stir her? Her love for him had died long ago. She loved Douglas. Mickey was humble now, but underneath his humility he was the same old Mickey. She would not be fooled again. She. . .

"Mickey," she called running down the beach. "Wait for me, Mickey. Wait for me!"

EVENING MUSIC

Myra A. Roberts, '42

I hear it as I walk my quiet way
The burst of sound that silvers all the air,
And spends its ardent beauty everywhere!
As shadows steal to snatch the light away
It lights the dusk more beautiful than day,
And makes each note incessantly declare
The song of vibrant youth and beauty rare,
While I, in silence listen to it say:

“Lo, here I am; but soon shall I be gone
Forever!” Say not that! It cannot be!
The song that’s love, as when the seraphs pray,
Can never die! ‘Tis near! I’ll find’t anon
If I but list to catch each melody,
As shadows steal to snatch the light away!

THE BRIBE

Eileen Tosney, '43

NIGHT wrapped its murky arms about the deserted street. A single lamp, shadowed by accumulation of dust and grime, emitted an eerie glow that clothed the buildings in ghastly dress. The weird gleam stretched out to tinge the tense figure of the man who stood in the center of the road.

Stephen Brent gazed wildly upon the huddled, broken form that lay beneath the wheels of his car.

She was dead! She was dead!

The phrase beat ceaselessly upon his brain like the implacable sea that batters relentlessly the rock-lined shore.

Dead! He dragged his trembling hands to his forehead and pressed them savagely against his temples.

He must think. He must beat back the grasping, encroaching darkness that threatened to engulf his brain.

She was dead, wasn't she? It is the living who are important, he tried to tell himself. But his harrassed mind returned inevitably to that calamitous moment just past. He could still see the black shape looming before him like some wraith. He could still hear the sickening thud as car met human flesh. Brent placed frantic hands over his eyes as if to black out the dreadful sight.

But why was he going on like this? He must think, or else go stark, raving mad. With a wrench, he diverted his eyes from the mangled figure that lay so close, and placed a cigarette between his parched lips.

If only he had not been drinking. Why did that light

strike her, and shadow everything else? If only he had not been drinking, he might extricate himself without serious trouble. But the odor clung too tenaciously to his clothing and his car, much too tenaciously to delude the ferreting police.

That light, that revealing, disclosing light! If only he could smash it to bits! Brent ran his clenched hands feverishly along his thighs! Think! Think! That is what he must do! The gruesome discovery will be delayed until morning, the street is little frequented.

With a sudden movement Brent ground out his cigarette, careful, however, to replace the stub within his pocket. He moved toward his car, and bent warily over the fenders and wheels.

She was so near, he had only to reach out his hand to touch her. How ghastly she looked! If only he dared to shade her eyes with her lids, those horrible eyes that stared blankly into nothingness.

With another superhuman effort he withdrew his eyes from the gruesome sight and bowed once more over the front of the car. Fortunately, there was little blood, what there was he removed hastily with a tattered rag that had been confined in his tool compartment. He replaced the rag in the compartment. He compelled his fingers to grasp the door handle, and with a rapid twist flung open the door. He was about to slide behind the wheel when he was arrested by a shuffling movement. He whirled!

A man stood not a hundred feet away; an abject, emaciated man with somber and lusterless eyes that gazed fixedly at Stephen Brent. Brent sensed his muscles constrict as though an iron band had been wound about him with Titan force.

Where had he come from? How long had he been there? Stephen Brent strove to master the panic that was rushing upon him. He rasped out through taut lips, "How long have you been there?"

The newcomer made no answer but continued to confront Brent with an unflinching stare.

"I asked you how long you had been there."

"Well, now, brother, I think that's me own business," the voice piped out in a smirking tone. "I will say, though, I've been here long enough."

What did he mean by "long enough"? Long enough to see all. Had he seen all? But he must have. He must have been present from the beginning, hovering about like a vulture awaiting the kill. He was trapped! But was he? Each man has his vulnerable point, and perhaps. . .

"Very well, so you have seen all. Now just what do you propose to do about it?" he defied.

Again there came the pause before the other answered.

"What am I gonna do about it? Well, brother, suppose you tell me."

Brent scanned the man minutely. Evidently he was fencing with him, waiting for him, Brent, to make the first move. Stephen noted the meager and soiled clothing of the other, and a knowing smile flicked across his face.

"How would you like a hundred dollars?" he asked.

"I'd like it fine. You off'ring me a hundred dollars?" the other queried slyly.

"It is yours for the asking provided you overlook what you have seen tonight," Brent answered.

"Oh, so you want me to forget what I seen tonight, eh?"

The repetitive note in the man's voice irked Brent beyond endurance. His control was shattered and he yelled.

"Yes, forget, forget, forget! Forget that you saw me run this woman down, do you hear? All I want you to do is to take the money, return home, and suddenly lose your memory."

"Now, brother, there ain't no need to get het up," whined his companion. "She's dead, eh?"

This sudden change of subject further unnerved Brent.

"Yes, she's dead," he rasped.

But he must not allow this fellow to sap his presence of mind. Once again he regained his self-possession and his voice slid back to a persuasive note.

"Look here, the woman's dead, isn't she? Her death is final and irrevocable. But we are alive. It is we who matter. We, the living, must go on. Why should you refuse my hundred dollars? Will your refusal aid her?"

"You put it mighty pretty, brother; yes, sir, mighty pretty. As you say, just because the woman's dead, that ain't no reason why I shouldn't take the money. But I'd like to think I thought more of life than that; a hundred dollars ain't much for a human life," he added.

Brent again eyed him speculatively. This man was no fool. Very well, he could afford an extra hundred dollars.

"Just what do you think a human life is worth?" Brent asked.

"Well, now, that's a right interesting question. But the answer depends on what you think your life is worth. Manslaughter ain't a pretty word, and it don't carry a pretty sentence, either."

"Must you mention the word 'manslaughter' so carelessly," cried Brent angrily. "I'm quite aware of the seriousness of the charge and what it entails. I do not require your remarks to impress it upon me. Suppose we say two hun-

dred dollars, then. Surely a man of your attainments won't sneer at that sum," he added sarcastically.

"I wouldn't act so high and mighty, if I were you. "

The wheedling tone had disappeared from his speech. It now carried the menacing note of a shrewd and calculating man.

"No, I wouldn't act so high and mighty. Either you pay me what I ask for, or you go to jail for a nice, long spell. It ain't much of a choice, I know, but then, beggars can't be choosers, they say, or is it killers?"

Brent clenched his hands in anger. A blind fury swept over him and an urge to choke this arrogant pauper seized him. He stalked toward the other. As he did so, his left foot felt the pressure of a soft mass. He glanced down and the crushed body of his victim struck his eye as a dart strikes its mark. An unwholesome fear possessed him.

Killer, killer. Ceaselessly, relentlessly, the words battered his brain. I must yield, I must pay this man his price, I can't, I mustn't be discovered. He faced those somber eyes.

"You can dispense with your proverbs," he said "What is your price?"

"Well, now, I ain't a grasping man. I'm open to reason at all times. Suppose we make it ten thousand; that ain't too much for freedom, I'm thinking."

"Ten thousand! Man are you crazy? Where do you think I can get ten thousand dollars?"

"I'm thinking you can get it if you gotta. Why, I'm thinking only of you. I wouldn't want a pleasant-sounding man like you to be put behind a lot of bars," he said oilily. "Ten thousand dollars, it is, or twenty years in jail." The smooth, assuaging tone was gone; his words beat out with the staccato rhythm of a machine gun.

"But I tell you I can't get it. I'm no millionaire."

The other shrugged.

Brent knew that he was trapped. If he refused the man, his conviction would be but a matter of days. A clammy sweat beaded his forehead. Jail! Public disgrace! No, he must yield.

"I haven't the money with me," he hedged.

"I don't suppose you have. But I know a nice place where you can leave it for me to collect."

"And suppose I don't leave it?"

"Well, brother, I have your license plate. All I'd have to do would be to call the police, give them your number, and then. . ." His voice faded on a suggestive note.

Brent felt trapped by those depthless eyes.

"All right," he whispered feebly. "Name the place and you will find the money there the first thing in the morning."

"Harper's road. It's two miles outside town. Take your first left turn, and wait there for me."

"You will forget everything you have seen then?"

"I said I would, didn't I?"

For a moment neither spoke. Then with a last searching look, Brent flung himself into the car and drove away wildly.

Several blocks to the east, a seedy man shuffled along, chuckling continuously to himself. As he moved along, he would cease chuckling and give vent to overpowering gales of laughter. As he weaved around a corner he brushed by two men who gazed after him wonderingly.

"Say, Jim," said one, "Now what could a fellow who's as blind as a bat, have so much to laugh about?"

HOPE

Marie McCabe, '43

The night is dark and dreary,
In black-out deep and eerie
Brooding mothers make their soundless moan.
Thick silence like a pall
Grimly blankets all,
Save when distant aircraft engines drone.

The night is dark and lonely,
There is no light save only
One faintly flickering star almost submerged
In the sea of inky night,
It struggles to give light
To a fated land by bloody battle scourged.

The night is dark, death-bringing,
Each passing moment's winging
The bleak despair that comes when all seems gone.
But there's one ray of hope,
As through the gloom we grope—
The darkest hour is just before the dawn.

THE INHERITANCE OF GREED

A PLAY IN ONE ACT

Eileen Tosney, '43

CHARACTERS: Rogers, a servant; Mr. Midas; Ferguson; Burton.

SCENE: *The luxuriously furnished living room of Mr. Midas' home, at ten thirty P. M. Huge logs blaze cheerfully in the fireplace at the left rear of the room. Alongside the fireplace, but separated from it by about six feet, are French doors. In the right front of the room is a huge desk cluttered with the usual accessories. A large lamp is set in the middle. There are deep-cushioned chairs on opposite sides of the desk. Directly in front of the fireplace, its back to the audience, is a massive armchair, flanked on the right by a small table holding a bottle of medicine, several glasses, and a decanter of wine. Rogers, a servant, enters from the left, and approaches the left side of the armchair.*

ROGERS (*coughing discreetly*): Begging your pardon, sir, but it is ten-thirty and. . .

MR. MIDAS: Yes, yes, Rogers. It is ten-thirty, and since I am a slave to time I must bow to it. Well, hand me the medicine. (*Rogers walks to the other side of the chair, pours a small quantity of medicine into a glass, and places it in the hand that is stretched out to receive it.*): Will there be anything else, sir?

MR. MIDAS: No, no, that will be all. Go to bed, Rogers.

ROGERS: Yes, sir, thank you, sir. (*He leaves the room. Mr. Midas rises from the chair and the audience has its first glimpse of him. He is extraordinarily large, one might guess his weight to be near 300 pounds. He is clothed in a dressing gown of an ornate Chinese design. His small button eyes*

shine midst rolls of flesh. As he places the glass upon the table, we notice his hands. They are white and fleshy, and the third finger of the right hand is buried beneath three fabulously gorgeous rings. He glances impatiently at his wrist watch. Suddenly there is a tap on the French doors, he moves hastily in that direction. His movements are quick for his weight.)

MR. MIDAS (*cautiously*): Is that you, Ferguson?

VOICE: It is. (*Two sly-faced men enter.*)

MR. MIDAS (*Closing the door*): You're late. (*suddenly suspicious*) Who is this? I thought I was to deal exclusively with you.

FERGUSON (*shuffling toward the fireplace.*): Give a man a chance to warm himself, will you? Ah, that feels good. Allow me to introduce my colleague, Burton. Don't worry, he's one of us.

BURTON (*shortly*): Hello.

MR. MIDAS (*ignoring him and addressing Ferguson*): I would have preferred to have this a matter between the two of us.

FERGUSON: When I'm not sure of my company, I like a friend along.

MR. MIDAS: Well said, Ferguson, well said. (*eagerly*) Tell me, man, have you got it?

FERGUSON: Yep. Right here in my pocket. (*chuckling*) Sure are anxious, aren't you?

MR. MIDAS: Of course I'm anxious. Come, man, don't dawdle, give it to me.

FERGUSON (*chuckling again*): Certainly anxious. (*He plunges his hand into his pocket and withdraws a handkerchief. Mr. Midas seizes it and hastens to the desk on the other side of the room. He switches on the light, and sinks*

into the chair behind the desk. His fingers fumble as he attempts to untie the corners of the handkerchief.)

FERGUSON (*leaning over the desk*): Take it easy. That's no way to get it open. Here, give it to me.

MR. MIDAS (*Brushing him aside*): Go away, go away I have it now. Ah!

FERGUSON: It's a beauty, isn't it?

MR. MIDAS: A beauty! (*He holds up a huge, expertly cut diamond.*) A perfect example of true beauty. It combines symmetry and gorgeousness, while at the same time it commands the approbation of the senses. (*He fondles the stone.*) You know, Ferguson, beauty should be admired for itself alone, it should never be reduced to utility.

FERGUSON: Meaning you intend to just sit and look at that thing?

MR. MIDAS: And why not? Its very contemplation brings delight.

FERGUSON (*impatiently*): All right, do as you wish, *when* you get it.

MR. MIDAS (*replacing the stone in the handkerchief with deliberation.*) I see that you are a man of action. Hm. . . well, perhaps such a trait has its compensations. We shall get down to business.

FERGUSON (*slumping into the chair on the other side of the desk.*): That suits me. (*He lights a cigarette, evidently leaving the next move to Mr. Midas. Burton remains at the French doors, watching Mr. Midas intently.*)

MR. MIDAS: By our previous arrangements, your. . . er. . . shall we say employer, agreed to sell the Tijana stone to me in return for a handsome fee. I promised the deliverance of that sum the instant the diamond reached my hands. As I see, little remains to be done. The money is in this drawer.

(He opens the drawer on the left side of the desk, and withdraws a packet.)

FERGUSON (*watching the smoke wreathing from his cigarette with a studied nonchalance.*): Yes, but you see, there's been a little change in the arrangements. (*Holds up a hand as Mr. Midas stirs*). Now wait a minute, it isn't something that can't be worked out to satisfy everyone, provided you co-operate.

MR. MIDAS: Just exactly what do you mean by co-operate?

FERGUSON (*leaning over the desk in a confidential manner.*): It's true, isn't it, that you are a silent partner in the Baring Aircraft Company? In fact you have the controlling share.

MR. MIDAS (*cautiously*): And if I have. . .

FERGUSON: There aren't any 'ifs' about it, Mr. Midas. My—er—employer knows it to be a fact.

MR. MIDAS (*noncommittally*): So?

FERGUSON: So this. As a partner you have access to the confidential papers of the Company, and those papers are kept in this very house. There's no use bluffing, my employer has verified all this.

MR. MIDAS (*still unruffled*): So?

FERGUSON: So this. You turn over the plans for the B-18 Bomber, and we turn over the stone to you.

MR. MIDAS (*angrily*): What? Do you expect me. . .

FERGUSON (*abruptly*): Yes. (*He touches the stone lightly*): Such a beauty, and not yours. A shame, eh Mr. Midas?

MR. MIDAS: You realize what it would mean for those plans to fall into the hands of the wrong party.

FERGUSON (*matter-of-factly*): Yes, Mr. Midas.

MR. MIDAS (*moving towards the fireplace*): You're a cool one, Ferguson. But I'm afraid I must disappoint you.

BURTON (*moving from the windows, to lean over the desk, in a belligerent attitude*): Come, now, Mr. Midas, a little thing like patriotism isn't going to stop you from owning this stone, is it? From your past history, we don't get that impression of you.

MR. MIDAS (*noticing him for the first time*): What do you mean by that? What do you pretend to know about my past history?

BURTON: We never deal with people unless we know everything concerning them. (*smiling*) In your case, it wasn't difficult.

MR. MIDAS (*suddenly urbane*): Suppose we discuss this over a glass of wine.

BURTON (*winking at Ferguson*): Why I don't mind if I do. How about you Ferguson?

FERGUSON: Nothing I'd like better.

(*Mr. Midas pours the three glasses of wine. He sips his slowly*):

MR. MIDAS: It would interest me to know exactly how much information you two have about my past, and how you expect it to influence my choice tonight.

FERGUSON (*twirling his glass*): Oh, it isn't that we expect it to influence your choice, although it might. We merely intend to show you that scruples have never bothered you when you were seeking your stones. It was always beauty. Nothing mattered, you sacrificed anything, as long as you could possess beautiful stones.

MR. MIDAS: Indeed?

BURTON: It was in Budapest, wasn't it. . .

MR. MIDAS (*interrupting angrily*): Never mind. I see that you have been thorough. I admit being a schemer, but to be a traitor is another thing. I've always hated turncoats.

FERGUSON: Isn't it a bit late for you to develop a code of morals?

MR. MIDAS (*turning toward the fireplace*): Late or not, I'm not going to turn over those plans to you.

BURTON (*carelessly*): Ferguson, how long would you say that Mr. Midas has been trying to obtain this diamond?

FERGUSON (*equally careless*): According to some reports, all of ten years. Ten years of wasted effort, too bad, eh?

BURTON: He's a little too old to think of spending another ten years, isn't he Ferguson?

FERGUSON: It isn't that he's too old, but you see, I've heard that after tonight, there is to be no Tijina stone.

MR. MIDAS: No Tijina! You can't mean that.

FERGUSON: Yes. You see, our employer is going to have it cut up into smaller, much smaller pieces. Well, Burton, we've failed. Let's go, shall we? (*He moves toward the desk, takes up the handkerchief and the diamond. The two men turn to leave.*)

MR. MIDAS: Wait!

FERGUSON: Maybe you'd like to take a last look? (*He displays the gorgeous stone.*)

MR. MIDAS (*seizing it*): It is so beautiful! It must never be disintegrated. It must remain as it is, at the height of perfection. Can't you understand? This is beauty!

FERGUSON: Sure. I'm willing that you have it as it is. You're the difficult one. Well we're not getting anywhere. Hand it over Mr. Midas. (*Mr. Midas draws his hand back*) See here there's no use in attempting force. Burton and I are quite capable of overpowering you.

MR. MIDAS (*more to himself*): I could bear losing it if I knew it would remain as it is. It would always be there to gain at some future time. But if it is destroyed it can never be mine. It should be mine. Mine alone!

FERGUSON: Of course it should. Look, no one will know you have released the plans to us. There are various methods of staging an effective robbery that can deceive the police. And you will have your diamond. Think of that, Mr. Midas. It will be yours!

MR. MIDAS (*slowly*): Mine . . . all mine. It wouldn't be destroyed, its beauty will be admired as it should be. But the plans. . .

FERGUSON: You'll never be discovered. Remember the loss of the diamond's beauty is irreplaceable.

MR. MIDAS: Irreplaceable! (*He is silent for a few seconds*) Very well Ferguson. (*He moves to the space between the fireplace and the French doors. A little pressure on an upper panel reveals a safe. He withdraws a large envelope*).

MR. MIDAS: The diamond, Ferguson?

FERGUSON: Here it is. The plans, Mr. Midas?

MR. MIDAS: They are yours. And now, if you'll excuse me, I'm tired.

FERGUSON: Sure. (*Both men amble toward the French doors*) Goodbye, Mr. Midas, it's been a pleasure to deal with you. (*They depart*).

MR. MIDAS: (*fondling the diamond*): I've paid a great price for you, but beauty is worth any price; you're more than just compensation. (*In the middle of this soliloquy, a groan escapes him; his hand flies to his chest. He calls out.*): Rogers, Rogers. . . must reach that medicine. . . (*his body slumps across the desk. Footsteps. . . Rogers enters.*)

ROGERS: Mr. Midas. Help, someone. Mr. Midas (*He attempts to lift the still form*) Mr. Midas, can you hear me? (*He raises the arm of Mr. Midas, but lets it fall back limp*) Mr. Midas. . . (*the last is a whisper*).

(*The diamond, lying upon the desk, winks wickedly*).

OUT OF DARKNESS

Marie McCabe, '43

THE EAGER group of young people gathered on the small stage was suddenly silent. All eyes were turned toward a kindly, gray-haired priest, as he arose to announce the results of the recent try-outs for the operetta which the parish was to present. Slowly, in an impressive voice, he read the names of those to whom parts had been assigned. As he finished, a babel of voices broke forth.

"Oh, Clare, the leading lady! Aren't you lucky!"

"Jim, I can hardly wait to see you as the romantic hero. Brother!"

"Me? Oh, I'm the maid. What are you?"

"A scream heard offstage. Isn't that a panic?"

As the merry, laughing voices continued, Father Sheehan noticed the disconsolate figure of a young girl standing alone in the shadows at the end of the stage. He recognized her as Marian Gray, a girl of average talent who had been asked to understudy the leading lady. Assuming a jovial smile, he approached her. Startled out of her reverie, she looked up at him, and he was shocked at the misery in her eyes.

"My dear child, whatever is the matter?" he exclaimed.

She forced a weak smile to twist the corners of her pretty mouth.

"Oh, nothing, Father," she answered in a low tone. "I have a little headache, that's all. You know, the excitement, and . . . and everything," she finished lamely.

Feeling that he was still far from knowing the cause of her

distress, he continued, "Can't you tell me what is troubling you? Maybe I can help."

A veil dropped over her violet eyes.

"No, Father, I just have a headache. I think I'll go outside. Perhaps the fresh air will make me feel better."

She stepped off the stage. With a sigh, the priest watched her walk slowly up the aisle. The door opened and closed behind her.

As the refreshing night air greeted her, she breathed deeply. It was good to be out of the hot, stuffy theater, and away from the chattering boys and girls. But how would she ever tell her mother that she had failed to receive a major part in the coming production? Her heart sank again as she remembered her mother's anger and scorn at her former failures.

Mrs. Gray's ambitious schemes for her daughter had begun early. She had always desired a curly-haired little girl, and as a child of three, Marian had suffered the torture of having her smooth, silken locks twisted tightly into rags, and later combed into artificial corkscrews. Her mother's wrath if her hair became disheveled caused Marian to avoid active games, and sit on her front steps, a miserable spectator, while the other children romped and shrieked at "Tag" or "Run, sheep, run."

In a few years, the first results of this inactivity became apparent in listlessness and, what was worse from Mrs. Gray's point of view, bad posture. To correct this fault, Marian was immediately enrolled in a school of acrobatic dancing. Even now, she winced as she recalled the long hours in which she had forced her aching little body to assume the unnatural positions ordered by the teacher. Afraid to admit her difficulty to her mother, she practised in secret, far

more strenuously than was wise. Therefore, by the time each lesson day arrived, she was so tense and tired that she always made mistakes and was humiliated before the entire class. Ballroom dancing, which she studied a little later "to acquire poise," was even worse. Here, too, the results of her early lack of participation in the children's games were seen. The other boys and girls were all grouped in cliques, and Marian felt totally left out of things. However, her mother's burning desire that she become the "belle of the ball" was always in her mind. Therefore, striving to overcome her shyness, she made such a desperate effort to ensnare every boy in the class that she frightened them all away. Tears came into her eyes as she remembered the night she had stood in a little alcove, and with burning cheeks overheard two of the most popular boys in the class who, completely unconscious of her presence, were discussing her.

"Have you danced with Marian Gray yet tonight?"

"No, thank the gods. She clings to a fellow as if he were a sinking ship that she had sworn never to desert."

"I know it," rejoined the first boy. "I thought I'd never get rid of her the other night. You know. . ."

"Oh, oh," interrupted the other. "The teacher just announced that the girls can choose their own partners for the next waltz. Let's duck before Marian sees us."

As soon as they had gone, Marian emerged from the alcove and, without a word to anyone, left dancing school forever. For once, not all her mother's entreaties, commands, and threats could force her to change her mind.

As the years went on, Mrs. Gray's ambitions for her daughter increased. Signor Bartoli, the best voice teacher in town, was hired to train her sweet, clear little voice to sing operatic arias. She was forced to volunteer for all the local amateur

entertainments, and suffered untold embarrassment as snickers floated to her from the back of the auditorium when her voice cracked on the high notes.

The piano lessons which followed were equally disappointing. Although Marian could play well enough to amuse herself and her mother's friends, her talent was wholly inadequate for the concerts which her mother forced her to give.

The operetta try-outs, therefore, represented the culmination of a long series of attempts and failures. Marian knew that Clare Elwood had a far better voice than she had, and that the lovely Clare was in all ways superior to her, yet her mother had nagged her into seeking the leading role.

"Now, remember, Marian," Mrs. Gray had said as her daughter was leaving the house earlier that evening, "I expect you to get one of the main parts in that show. You've disappointed me often enough. After all the money your father and I have spent to give you every advantage, you should make some return to us. I don't think you even try."

Blinking back hot tears, Marian mumbled "Good-night" and left; her father's whispered "Good luck, dear," was the only thing that gave her courage to go on. Poor dad, she thought now, he has a pretty hard life. Mother is always bullying him, too.

Despite the sympathy which she knew she would receive from her father, Marian felt that she could not face her mother that night, and listen to her scolding and her tears. She opened her purse, which still contained most of her week's allowance. She hesitated a moment, staring at the little roll of bills reposing against the silk lining of her purse. Then she squared her shoulders, snapped the purse shut with

a decisive click, and with her head held high, set off in the opposite direction from home.

Meanwhile, Mr. and Mrs. Gray had been spending the evening in the comfort of their attractive living-room, Mr. Gray hidden behind the evening *Times*, and Mrs. Gray listening to the radio and knitting. Suddenly, however, she turned off the radio, and for a few moments the only sound which broke the silence of the room was the soft click, click of the knitting needles. Soon she arose, and wandered about the room, nervously moving objects that were already in perfect order a few inches to the left or right on tables and book-cases. Once or twice she paused at the window, and pushing back the heavy draperies, peered up and down the deserted street.

Her husband looked up from his paper and with a sigh said: "Now, Mary, don't be so nervous. Marian will be here any moment now."

"I know it, John, but I'm so eager to hear about the try-outs that I just can't sit still."

There was a few minutes' pause, during which both Mr. and Mrs. Gray furtively looked at their watches. Then Mrs. Gray spoke again.

"I know what's keeping her so late! She was given one of the main parts, and they're staying to run through the operetta once, just to get the feel of it. I'm positive that's just what has happened. Well, Marian can thank me for getting that role. Goodness knows I've tried hard enough to give her every advantage."

At these familiar words, her husband retreated behind his newspaper again. As his wife's voice flowed on and on, reproaching him for his lack of interest in their daughter, (She's yours, too, you know) his thoughts were with Marian.

He hoped that she had received a part in the coming production, for her own sake. Her repeated failures had driven her further and further into the shell she had built around herself. If only Mary would let her alone! The child would find her own place. Indeed, she had shown a great interest in secretarial work; but her mother had declared that Marian would never work in "some dull, old office." He wished for the thousandth time that he could do something to help his little girl.

Minutes ticked by. Mr. and Mrs. Gray remained silent, each occupied with his own thoughts, the mother occasionally looking nervously out the window. Suddenly, a new idea occurred to her.

"I hope she isn't just loitering somewhere. She might realize that I would worry. But then" she added, "I don't suppose she ever thinks of me."

Mr. Gray swallowed the hasty retort that rose to his lips. After all, it did no good to argue with Mary on those occasions when she imagined herself a martyr. If he antagonized her, it might make things worse for Marian when she arrived.

Another hour passed, during which Mrs. Gray alternated between outbursts of anger and worry, and Mr. Gray heroically kept silent; only the little frown that deepened between his eyes betrayed his growing anxiety.

As the grandfather's clock in the hallway chimed twelve, Mrs. Gray could endure the suspense no longer.

"Why don't you do something?" she demanded. "Call the hospital, or the police, or somebody. What could be keeping her?"

As he obediently moved toward the telephone, Mr. Gray suggested quietly, "Perhaps she is afraid to come home."

"Nonsense!" returned Mrs. Gray. "Why should the child be afraid of her own parents?"

She pondered those words more deeply, when inquiries made to the local hospitals and to the police station proved fruitless. She had spoken rather harshly to Marian that evening, but she had had the child's own good at heart. Certainly Marian had realized that. No, there was absolutely no reason for her to be afraid. John must do some more telephoning; perhaps the young people who had attended the try-outs would be able to throw some light on Marian's whereabouts. She listened eagerly while Mr. Gray called first one and then another of Marian's acquaintances. They all gave him the same information. Marian had left immediately after the results of the try-outs had been announced. No, she hadn't said where she was going, but they all thought that she should be home by now.

Throughout the long night which followed, Mrs. Gray stood staring out the window, conscious of the veiled accusation in her husband's eyes, which she felt rather than saw. Vivid pictures of Marian came to torment her. She saw her daughter at every moment in her life when she had been obliged to confess her failure to satisfy one of her mother's ambitions. As never before, she read the dumb misery in the girl's eyes, and heard her own voice angrily berating her daughter. Seeing herself in this new light, she understood at last why Marian should be afraid to come to her now.

As the first faint flicker of dawn appeared in the east, something exploded within her, and she threw herself, sobbing, into her husband's arms.

"Oh, John," she moaned, "what a fool I've been! I've ruined the child's life."

"There, there," soothed her husband, awkwardly patting her shoulder. "You did only what you thought was best for her."

"No, I didn't," she wailed. "I may have thought I did, but now I realize that I was actually trying to satisfy my own selfish pride. I was never outstanding myself, and I was determined that my daughter would have the success I had missed, and I would shine in her reflected glory. Now I've driven her away from me . . . Oh! !"

She drew in her breath with a gasp as she heard faltering footsteps coming up the path. Could it be Marian? Oh, if only it were; if she were to be given another chance! She would prove herself a real mother now. With her husband's arm about her, and new hope and love in her heart, she hastened to open the door.

REFLECTION

Marjorie Greene, '43

A million kisses in my heart,
Impressed thereon from these fond lips
With swift conveying finger-tips
What sweet significance impart!

The love of those whom flesh and bone
Unite in precious family,
Administers to each, alone,
That strength of soul called memory.

And we with separate paths begun
Will always be not six, but one!

BEST GIFT

Eileen Tosney, '43

Would that I had the power to gain
The cloudless stretch of spreading skies!
I'd cleave the blue and mold a chain
Of airy grace to match your eyes.

Would that the long-fingered rain that streams
From heaven's height were glowing pearls!
I'd fashion you a crown to gleam
Amid your dusty, swirling curls.

What though my strength is but of earth
And bears no mighty Atlas touch,
I have above all one gift of worth
'Tis this, my dear, "I love you much."

MESSAGE

Caroline Desaulniers, '43

There is peace in the towering sky:
In the blended colors of early dawn,
In the brilliant blue after day is born,
In the sun on all things casting light,
In the stars soft gleaming through the night.
There is peace in the towering sky.

There is war in the towering sky:
In the airplane which carries a message of death,
In the bombs descending to smother life's breath.
There is war in the towering sky.

There is hope in the towering sky:
In the sunset, the colorful ending of day,
In the moon as it climbs through the Milky Way,
In the things which no man can take away.

There is hope in the towering sky.

LONELINESS

Eileen Tosney, '43

I loved the splendor of the rising sun,
It stirred a mild, exulting joy in me,
On many a morn, when day had just begun
To tear away the veil of night to free
The waiting earth from sombre moving shades,
I stood upon a sprawling hill to wait
Its languid rise, heralded by thin blades
Of golden, mellow light, so arrow-straight.
But now the sun bestirs no joy in me,
And dread preludes for me the coming dawn;
My love has gone, my eyes no longer see
The beauty that is flaunted by the morn.
Though each new sun is father of a day
Yet each new day takes you still far away!

JIM

Margaret M. Corcoran, '43

EVERYONE knew him as Jim. No one seemed to know his other name or where he came from, or what he did before he came to the town. Perhaps you'd say he just existed. But he was just as much a part of Scarsdale as the old elm on Devonshire Street. The elm had been there for years and so had Jim.

Everyone thought him peculiar, that is everyone but young Tom Merrill. Tom found something likeable in the old man. Perhaps it was his fine gray eyes or maybe his quick smile that lighted up his rather dark features. Anyway young Tom and old Jim were the best of friends.

"Who is that old man seated over there?" Tom had asked Henry as they stood watching the tennis matches, one day in early spring. "I've been watching him for about half an hour now and not once has he been distracted by anything going on around him."

"Oh that's just old Jim, you see him at all the tennis matches. He goes to every one of them, but I can't figure out why an old duffer like him would want to be bothered with tennis. He ought to be home playing chess or some other dull game. But he is here every year holding down the same seat. Folks sort of expect him and save that seat for him. He is something like the Minute Man, just another landmark. Of course you've just moved here, but you'll soon find out what the people think of him."

"Doesn't anyone know anything about him? I mean what he did, what business or trade he followed? It seems

rather strange to me that with all the gossipers in this town some one should not be able to get a line on him."

"No one has ever tried. He's rather a silent guy, keeps to himself most of the time. Reads a lot I guess from all I've heard and that isn't much. Maybe you would be more successful, although he doesn't have much to say to the younger crowd, or anyone for that matter."

Henry's words often came back to Tom as he thought of that first day. What if he had not tried to speak to the old man? He was glad now that he had the courage then to go up to him and sit and discuss the game with him. He would never forget the way those keen gray eyes had appraised him. He felt then that they had pierced into his inner self and had read his very thoughts. Perhaps they had, for the old man invited him to sit with him. Tom remembered how reluctantly those eyes tore themselves away from the drama that was going on below. Then how, as soon as it was possible, they had returned again to the green court to pick up the play that had been broken by the interruption. How convulsively the knotty hands had clenched themselves as a shot was missed and bounced unheeded outside the tapes. Now and then words of praise and criticism would follow one another in rapid succession as he strained to follow every move down on the green below.

"Go get that one, hit it hard down on his backhand. That's his weakest spot, ah, that's the stuff, give him more like that and you'll have the set." Then he would sink exhausted into his usual position until a cry from the crowd would bring him forward again, ready to censure every move of the flashing white figures. You could tell he loved the game. Now though he was too old for active participation he followed it avidly from the stands.

That was in July. In August, the notices of the tennis matches were posted on the court bulletin. Tom was thinking of signing up. In fact he did sign, although he knew that, somehow, he would have to get many days of practising in before August the 29th.

"Sure you can do it Tom," his friend Henry assured him. "You're a darn sight better than Johnny Daws. You've licked me every time we played. Course I'm no good but if you want anyone to stop the balls for you, then I'm your man. Then when you win the National title I can say I helped you practise."

If you happened to walk by the park any time during the day, you'd be sure to see a familiar figure standing on the sidelines giving sharp commands to a moving figure in white. Yes, you've guessed it, it was Jim. He seemed to take a fierce pride and delight in these sessions. His gray eyes would sparkle as he noted a perfect shot executed from the very corner of the tape, and his hands would clench and unclench as they hung helplessly at his sides. You could see he was living each shot that crossed the net, and was wishing that he were young again. Never more would he feel the soft green grass or hard clay beneath his feet, or thrill to the cheers of the teeming stands. Those were glorious days, but they would never come again. Oh, he had the cups, but what were they but tarnished silver, old mementoes catching dust. The moments they stood for would never come again except in deluding dreams.

He would shake himself then and bring himself back to reality, to the moving figure on the court. Perhaps in Tom he could recapture the old thrill. Tom had all the makings of a good player, but hard practise and time would tell.

"You're doing all right, son, keep at it. Work up that

backhand so that no one can force you to give up a point," called Jim from the bench. The words rang out clearly enough once they were out, but to Jim it seemed as if they would never leave his throat.

"I'm beginning to get a different line on that old duffer," Henry confided to Tom as they came off the courts the day before the match. "He really knows all about the game. Why the other day when he explained the Wilson grip to you, you'd think he invented the thing. I've never seen anything like it, he knows everything. And can you imagine it, he's trying to improve my game! Why, I couldn't win a match if I had a racquet in each hand and the balls were as big as cabbages!"

"Maybe he did invent the Wilson grip. You see, Hen, he happens to be Jim Wilson!"

"What! You've known that all summer and you've been holding out on me! A fine friend you are!"

"Now don't get sore, Hen. He asked me not to tell. How do you suppose he knew all this stuff about tennis if he wasn't a big shot. I suspected it from the very first day. Remember I told you how he watched each play so intently, but I guess you were not listening."

"So he's Jim Wilson. I've heard my father speak of him. But what I can't figure out," Hen mused, "is why he kept it a secret? I should think he'd sort of like it to get around."

"No, Hen, he's not the type. He figures that he has had his day and that it is over now and is to be forgotten. But I somehow don't think he's right. He asked me not to say anything so I won't and neither will you, even if I have to muzzle you!"

The day dawned for the matches bright and clear, a perfect tennis day. As Tom went on the court for the semi-finals in

the morning he happened to notice as he glanced up that Jim's accustomed seat was vacant. He said he'd be here and he will, Tom thought as he moved towards the court with another glance backward. But still there was no familiar face to cheer him on.

Brilliant tennis was played on the court that day, but it was not Tom who did the work. He seemed driven by some inner force, covering every inch from tape to tape, a mechanical moving demon. He came off the court a victor, smiling and conscious of the cheering crowd.

"Look out, Hen! Where's the fire? And say have you seen Jim?" both questions came in the same breath.

"That's why I'm in a hurry. I was going to look for you. It's Jim. They have taken him to the hospital this morning."

"Jim? In the hospital? What's the matter?"

"Pneumonia and they say he's got it pretty bad. He's in an oxygen tent."

All through the following days Tom moved as if in a trance. Jim, in the hospital, dying! He'd have to win these matches. The memory of that white face moving restlessly over the pillow was ever before his eyes. It seemed to spur him on to greater heights. He'd do it for Jim, he'd win for him. Every ounce of strength went into each movement of his arm as he brought it forward time and time again to meet the ball, sending it with crashing force over the net. At night he would be exhausted.

The papers spoke of him as "a mechanized unit powerful enough to crush an armoured division." An exaggeration perhaps, but basically it was true. He had found superhuman strength that was carrying him on to success.

After what seemed to be endless hours of torture, the

match was over, and again Tom came forth the victor, not by his own power but by Jim's.

Funny wasn't it. Someone lying sick and dying could give you strength and power when you could not help yourself? Maybe I can do the same for him. Anyway I'll try!

* * * *

"I guess you're happy tonight, Tom," spoke a voice at Tom's elbow.

"Jim!" Tom wheeled about quickly to face the old man. "How much I wanted you to be here tonight you'll never know. All my success I owe to you and tonight I want you to step forth into the light and share in some glory of your own."

"All right, son, if that's the way you want it, then that's the way it shall be."

NOSTALGIA

Joan A. Silversen, '42

A drowsy lassitude steals over me,
Emotionally-stilled I view the long gone years
That slow have passed from out my life.
Yet from their mounded pile
A vision starts.
I vainly try to trace your face,
Seeking the sun behind that nebulous veil.
Only your laughter silvers the dusk,
Then. . .
Night again.

EDITORIALS

Our Greatest Need:

What is living? Not what is life, for the answer to that mystery lies within its Author. But what is the human interpretation of life? The answer is essential if the world would escape passionate self-destruction, prodigal dissipation of energies, or pusillanimous wavering. All these evils terminate in that state of hopelessness which is a foretaste of hell here on earth.

Faith is the answer. Faith is the panacea for the world's ills. This faith can not be confidence in ourselves alone, for we are but men struggling towards an ideal and thwarted by the real. It cannot rest in others, for knowing ourselves, we thereby know human limitations. Nor can faith be based on nature, for man should recognize nature as his servant, instrumental in his development, but not essentially akin to his spirit.

No, faith cannot arise from the material. If it is to be the integrating principle of man's being, this living faith must be rooted in the Infinite. We must believe in God and in His Infinite Perfections. Only then can we believe in ourselves as individuals participating in His infinitely perfect plan of creation. Upon this rock of faith, only can we build. This living faith engenders hope and love and peace. With faith, returns courage and the will to live according to the dictates of an ever-illuminating wisdom. With faith, seeming paradoxes are reconciled. Evil, that unsubstantiality based on a negative, will finally perish, and good will prevail. All the wisdom of the ages are packed in these truths.

Joan Silversen, '42

The Catholic Church and the Negro:

According to the latest statistics, of the 13,000,000 Negroes in the United States, only about 300,000 are Catholics. This condition is not due entirely to reluctance or hostility on the part of the Negro, but rather to a deep-rooted feeling of distaste on the part of many Catholics. This distaste springs mainly from two causes: ignorance or misunderstanding, and fear or selfishness; susceptibility to conventional prejudices, which leads them, through misconception, to frown upon the Negro, and unreasoning fear that the Negro will become a political master, with a resultant struggle between the black and the white man for supremacy.

When viewed dispassionately, this prejudice against the Negro is seen to be unfounded. Anthropologists have punctured our smug racial pride by asserting that there are no pure races in the ordinary understanding of the term—and by adding further that it cannot be proved scientifically that any one race is superior or inferior to another. To Catholics, moreover, a still greater reason for disregarding the prejudices which have so hindered work among the Negroes should be the realization that the colored man, as well as the white, is a member of the Mystical Body of Christ, that he shares equally with us in the fruits of the Redemption, and as such is equally entitled to knowledge of the true faith.

The Negro, on the other hand, has more basis for his distrust of the Catholic Church. Despite the heroic efforts of the few Catholics who are engaged in missionary work among them, the majority of the Negroes still know nothing about Catholicism. It is only human nature to fear the unknown, the mysterious.

It is the duty of Catholic college men and women, of intelligent, well-informed members of the laity, to turn the

light of knowledge upon the darkness of the Negro's mind. While we are asleep to our responsibility, Communists are conducting a vigorous apostolate among the colored people. At this time, when our entire nation should be united in prayer, we are letting the most bitter enemy of religion and democracy rob us of millions of potential suppliants.

We must arouse ourselves before it is too late. Both concern for our own welfare and zeal for the souls of our fellow men should move us to use all of the powers developed in us by our Catholic education in a vigorous drive for the conversion of the Negro.

Marie McCabe, '43

Swinging the Classics:

In the present day, the swinging of the classics has become one of the greatest abuses of musical art. For several years, it has been the custom of the popular song writer to steal, wholly or partially, his theme from the composers of classical music. Often, the music is not adapted to words, but is used in its original form as a novelty number. One can understand and appreciate such numbers as *Bach Goes to Town* or *Mozart Matriculates*. These are not so much adaptations of original numbers but clever parodies which amuse music lovers. But when a classical composition in its original is distorted, one is horrified at the attempted destruction of pure art. For example, the beautiful theme from the *Andante Cantabile* of Tchaikowsky was transformed into a feeling lyric entitled *Our Love*. Tchaikowsky, however, did not mean it for a love lyric nor a popular song. And a popular song soon develops into swing.

Those who argue affirmatively for swinging the classics

claim that the classics in swing tempo have made many increase in appreciation of the classics themselves. This is very true. There are some who listen to the *Fifth Symphony* of Tchaikowsky only because of the popular song *Our Love*. But this does not argue for a true appreciation and love of the great art of music. One should listen to the *Fifth Symphony* because it is the *Fifth Symphony*, not because one of its themes is the same as that found in *Our Love*.

The swinging of the classics has not materially increased the knowledge of music in the "swing" fan; on the contrary, it has but increased his ignorance. There is the example of the man who thought that the Tchaikowsky *Concerto in B^b Minor* was about five pages, as it is in the popular version. In reality it is over one hundred fifty pages.

The popular song writer has not opened up the field of classical to the listeners. It has always been open. He has but displayed his own stunted ability. He does not originate melodies; he copies them. Let us hope that in the future so-called composers will produce their own themes and thus cease to tear classical music to tatters.

Caroline Desaulniers, '43

THE PACK OF AUTOLYCUS

"My father named me Autolycus . . . a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."

"Jog on, jog on the footpath way,
And merrily hent the stile-a.
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad heart tires in a mile-a."

The Winter's Tale, IV, iii

Information, please!

Most of us would rather be caught out in the rain without an umbrella than have the word *student* applied to us. Just why this is, nobody seems to know. But for the gay, young thing in the turned-up saddlers, sloppy sweater, off-color raincoat to be called a *student* offends her as the ultimate insult. She blithely believes that a *student* is a sort of drip, book-worm, kill-joy, all rolled into one.

Once upon a time, it was the *student* who occupied the place of honor in the college. Just why she has seemingly sunk to the depths of ignominy, and slinks through the corridors as though evading the Gestapo, nobody seems able to figure out. Now, the word *student* has apparently come to signify those, who lacking color and sparkle, seek refuge and exile in the library.

The well-rounded collegian who is the true *student* is the one who shines in classes, is peppy on the athletic field, and sparkling in the ball-room. She is a *student* of books and society. Then, why should she be

ashamed to be called *student*? Is it because her more debonnair classmates, shall we say, have so dishonored the real meaning of the word that she is allergic to that classification? As I am no philosopher nor psychologist, I shall make no attempt to answer the problem. It gives one pause, doesn't it?

* * * *

Wings and Things:

From the cross-shaped speck that moves across the sky you let your eyes wander back to the book on the library table. *Wings!* Although your gaze has returned, yet your thoughts have stayed soaring up there somewhere. You trace the curving, singing word across the margin of your book. Thought takes flight. . .

Wings were the things you used to wish you had. The very first time you saw a sparrow fly away or chased a butterfly through the garden, you wanted wings. Fortunately, you were too young for classical lore or you might have attempted Daedalus's handicraft. Then, one morning, you caught the butterfly. But you let it flutter away again. You looked at the golden dust on your fingers. You knew that you could never have wings. . .

Wings of steel drone hourly above the city. You cannot help thinking of the things that you have read about cities just as peaceful as this one. You can almost hear the screaming descent of bombs. You remember the first time that Tom came home on furlough, and you saw the tiny wings of his insignia. You listened when he told of test flights and parachuting. It is queer that whenever you think of him now, your mind sees first his wing insignia. War, murderous thing, has wings. . .

Wings of thought take you beyond all this. You soar far above the gilt-dust wings and the steel ones. You do not see the gold-dust on your fingers, and you cannot hear the droning motors. Above and beyond it all, there is so much more! Incongruously, butterflies and wars are short-lived. You have wings. . . really!

Brrr - rrr - rr - r - r - r :

Freezing spell in late Spring? Impossible! But here it is, with no signs of relief in sight. The style of women's clothes is frozen. It will remain that way for months, perhaps, for years! The psychological and social effects of this unprecedented government order may be stupendous. Just imagine what is likely to happen.

A woman who is almost reduced to despair over, say, cosmetic rationing or the death of her pet dog goes to buy a new hat to cheer herself up. What does she find now? All the new hats look exactly like her old one. Deprived of this last solace for her woe, is it any wonder if, in her anguish, she contemplates a solitary life.

Next, consider the fate of the woman who for years has been avoiding boring or unpleasant social events by offering the excuse: "But, my dear, I haven't a thing to wear; not a thing!" With this means of escape ruthlessly torn from her by government decree, she will have to endure endless hours of smiling pleasantly at people whom she doesn't like, drinking countless cups of weak tea, and eating reams of paper-thin sandwiches. Does not any woman who so acts display heroic courage and sublime patriotism? She deserves to receive a medal. Perhaps, she would settle for a new dress!

But there is a bright spot in this gloom. Hundreds, yes, thousands of fathers and husbands will face the first of each month with a serenity, peace, and contentment which they never knew in the days gone by. Now there will be no stacks of bills for feminine apparel. Surely this relief should console them for the loss of the cuffs on their trousers.

CURRENT BOOKS

Storm. By George R. Stewart. New York: Random House, 1941.
349 pages.

In George R. Stewart's latest novel, the reading public is introduced to *Maria*, the most vehement, devastating, merciless, and effective heroine to be presented in many a month. *Maria* is a storm born in the mid-Pacific, yet destined to live a ruinous life over the kaleidoscopic landscape of California, thousands of miles distant. But *Maria* (as she is sentimentally named by the Junior Meteorologist of the San Francisco Weather

Bureau) is also a dynamic force. As she sweeps in from the ocean to loose a torrent of snow, rain, and wind upon California's drought-stricken land, *Maria's* influence becomes too vital to be recorded merely as another atmospheric disturbance. She becomes a living, roaring, growing thing that threatens humanity and humanity's inventions. Essential lines of transportation are damaged and endangered; electrical power is imperilled; the rivers press their swollen waters savagely against man-made dykes. Countless human beings are caught in the maelstrom.

There is a uniqueness and an originality that characterizes Mr. Stewart's treatment of this theme. The book is patterned in both narrative and descriptive forms: narrative in its highly human episodes; descriptive in the scientific account of the storm's birth, maturity, and death. The description of the storm itself is not only magnificent in its cumulative twelve-day sweep it is also important as scientific data. Yet one must admit that for the majority of readers various passages are too technical to be interesting. However, if we dwell on Mr. Stewart's thrilling view of the trees of the Sierras clothed in snow; if we remember the picture of the yellow earth as it turns lush green beneath the lash of the storm; if we recall the pulsating power of the storm as it roars over the land, over-technicality is hardly important. The story is graphic despite it.

In the intermingling of the scientific and the human elements, Mr. Stewart has developed an effective technique. The novel shifts constantly from the progress of the storm to the progress of life; from the characteristics of the protagonist to the effect upon various individuals. Were the record of *Maria's* flight severed from the whole book, there would still remain thrilling episodes of flaming courage and gentle humor. Mr. Stewart presents *Maria* as a separate unit, yet he intersperses the description with her effect upon a portion of the civilized world. This tremendous effect is only too evident. Men die on highways; men die of pneumonia; men die gloriously in the line of duty.

The supreme quality of the narrative element of *Storm* is truth. It is true in accordance with life, in the wholly natural episodes that fill the novel. *Maria* possesses a penetrating power. She enters every life and every phase of life. Each episode is a story in itself. Written in a virile, vigorous, oftentimes, an abrupt style, *Storm* makes dramatic reading. It is the old drama of man against the elements.

Eileen Tosney, '43

The Land of Spices. By Kate O'Brien. New York: Doubleday Doran & Company, Inc. 1941. 318 pages.

This novel, an excellent example of smooth, deft craftsmanship, presents a remarkable study of the influence of one self-restrained character upon another person of the same type. The central figure is Reverend Mother Mary Helen Archer, an Englishwoman, whose childhood was extremely happy because of her great love for her father. He was a recognized authority on the English religious poetry of the seventeenth century. He prided himself on his paganism. When she was eighteen, she inadvertently discovered the horrible sin committed by this man whom she had idolized as a saint. In the hatred engendered by her new knowledge of her father, she desired only to get away from him, and for this reason she entered La Compagnie de la Sainte Famille.

There has been much discussion concerning the plausibility of this motive for entering upon the religious life. However, as Kate O'Brien has drawn the character of Reverend Mother, it is obvious that such a dramatic, almost melodramatic, incident was necessary to change the normal, happy girl into the austere, sternly self-disciplined Reverend Mother, afraid of affection, regarded by all her subordinates as a "cold fish."

Although fundamentally an understanding and charitable woman, Reverend Mother was not understood by the people with whom she came in contact as the superior of an Irish convent school. Discouraged and almost despairing, she was about to petition for a transfer to a post where she might accomplish more, when little Anna Murphy came to her notice, and seemed to need her help. As the years passed, Anna's character exhibited a remarkable likeness to Reverend Mother's own. She also was reserved, hence not understood by her companions. This resemblance, unsuspected by herself, caused Reverend Mother to feel something more akin to affection for the child than for anyone else in the school. As a result of Reverend Mother's interest in her, Anna was enabled to accept a scholarship to the University. When Reverend Mother herself left to assume the duties of Mother General of the Order, she had been softened to such an extent that she could admit, despite the enormity of her father's crime, that she herself was not without blame in judging a fellow human being, and then hardening her heart against him.

This is an arresting novel about an extremely delicate subject. The subtle interplay of soul upon soul, the spiritual development of a character which remains almost unchanged externally, are things which can easily be heavily overstressed or only awkwardly suggested. Kate O'Brien has succeeded in tracing Reverend Mother's growth in her vocation and Anna Murphy's intellectual and spiritual development with good taste and restraint, two qualities which make this novel a welcome change from the brutishness of many current literary offerings.

It is an exquisitely written book, technically without a flaw. The passages of description possess a truly lyric quality. Kate O'Brien's power of minute observation results in detailed pictures in which the reader can actually smell the scent of the flowers and feel the soft, warm breezes.

Her marvelous descriptive ability is seen especially in the character delineation in this book. Besides the important personalities, she has created a gallery of sparkling minor figures, each one clearly etched, distinct from all the others. Proud, snobbish Ursula de la Pole; haughty, arrogant Mrs. Condon; cruel, vindictive Mother Mary Andrew; young Father Conroy, a loyal Irishman who could never resist the slightest opportunity to make a thrust at the English, are unforgettable portraits.

Kate O'Brien's excellent sense of humor floods many charming events of school life. The Chaplain's Concert is outstanding both for the hilarity of the incident and for the marvelous understanding of children.

This novel is written with strength and vigor. The style is close-knit, as Kate O'Brien narrates the lives of Reverend Mother and Anna Murphy in parallel formation. Although the story covers about fifteen years, it does not drag, since the author has exercised great care and economy in selecting only the most telling events of the two lives which are her chief concern. Her power of choosing words is almost uncanny in its sureness and exactitude. When she says that Helen's shadow "froze" against the sun, the word not only describes the actual picture which was made, but it symbolizes Helen's spiritual reaction to the sudden discovery of her father's sin.

This is not an emotional book. Mother Mary Helen's stern self-repression makes itself felt on every page. It is, however, a well worth reading account of the spiritual development of an unusually sensitive character.

Marie McCabe, '43

Pied Piper. By Nevil Shute. New York: William Morrow & Company, 1942. 306 pages.

It is difficult today to write a credible story of what is going on in Europe. Yet *Pied Piper* is such a story, for it deals with a chaotic Europe. Using a bewildered France after the evacuation of Dunkirk as the background, Mr. Shute begins his story, a simple story of John Howard, an old man in his seventies who deeply regrets that he is too old to assist England in her hour of need. We can sense the old man's utter feeling of uselessness as others younger and more capable do the thing he desired to do, to bring victory to his beloved country. On the eve of his last day in Switzerland, before traveling back to England, he agrees to take two young English children with him across France and home to England. He is quite unaware of the crumbling defences all around him.

The journey begins just as the Germans have crossed the Seine to the north of Paris. Soon the trip becomes difficult, opposition is met on all sides. The roads are swollen with refugees fleeing from the enemy and the deadly hail of bombs now and then threatens disaster to the little band slowly moving on towards Paris. The old man now realizes the greatness of his task; but this does not prevent him from adding child after child to his little group.

At Chartres the elderly Englishman is given much needed encouragement and support by Nicole, a young French woman, who joins the little troupe sharing their hardships and lightening the burden of the old man. To the children the trip is just a lark. To the old man it is ultimate success or failure. On arriving at Brest, the net, pushed off and disregarded before, now tends to tighten. It is here that the courageous old Englishman fearlessly faces what he has been dreading to meet throughout the long journey from Saint-Claude to the coast.

Pied Piper is a war story and because it is a story of this type we expected to read in graphic detail the horror of war. But we are surprised and relieved to find that we have been spared all this. Mr. Shute is quite unlike some of the so called realistic modern authors who delight in torturing the minds of all who chance to read their books. But there is just one point in the story upon which we find Mr. Shute a bit too modern; that is where he tells us through Nicole's words, of her relationship with John, Mr. Howard's only son, a Squadron Leader in the R.A.F. This one point seems to cast a shadow over the valiant French girl. Even though

it is only spoken of by her, it mars the perfect simplicity of the story. Mr. Shute seems to think that because of the war the act is excusable but on this point we can not agree.

It would seem that the author was writing for children. Perhaps we can say that the story is written simply because the children and the elderly Mr. Howard are his chief concern. It is this freshness and simplicity, shining through the sordid atmosphere, that makes this story one that will take the mind off the war, even though it is ever present and forms the solid background for the plot.

The characterizations are very fine. John Howard, the elderly Englishman, is a man who, even in the midst of the din and confusion, is entirely devoted to the simpler things in life. Throughout all the chaos he seeks to find a safe place for his beloved fishing rods. The characters of the little children are beautifully done; each one stands out entirely independent of the other. It is to be noted that the author portrays very clearly mannerisms, characteristics, in keeping with their native countries. Even the peasants along the way add their bit to complete the characterization.

The style is simple, moving, and direct, in complete harmony with the story. Even after other war stories have been forgotten, this charming simple story will be remembered.

Margaret M. Corcoran, '43

This War is the Passion. By Caryll Houselander. New York: Sheed & Ward, 1941. 185 pages.

Caryll Houselander is a Lady of the Holy Grail. Though young in years, she has attained remarkable maturity through her deeply spiritualized living. *This War is the Passion* is a thought-provoking book. The prose is starkly simple but tremendously impressive. The brave spirit of a girl is based in these words: "Humanity is the veil of Veronica"; in such a thought as this: "We must stretch the crucified Christ to fit the cross of this war as did the soldiers to fit the Cross." Her striking analogies pull one up sharply.

The chapter on rhythmic prayer is unique. The thought that we live close to the pulse of God by such prayer has exerted a subtle influence on her style until it corresponds to her definition of rhythm as pause and

stress, time and beat, and a continual gathering to a climax. Caryll Houselander draws upon the noblest, yet commonest experiences to urge men on to God. When men have learned rhythmic prayer they become like the flower which opens to the sun in the morning and closes its petals for the night. This thought is carried through the book; that the dark night to men is suffering and they must learn trust in God that they may rest in Him until daybreak, ultimately the daybreak of the Resurrection.

The effect of her spiritual experiences has been to make her heart more sensitive to human needs and more desirous of practical solutions for human problems. Hers is the wisdom of a St. Francis of Assisi who so responded to the suffering Christ that he deserved the glory of the Stigmata.

Caryll Houselander is a poet in so much as she makes us see the infinite wonder in the tiniest detail of life, and the infinite worth of every human experience as supernaturalized by Christ. Her allusions are as simple as her words; they are a part of this flowing life-like love of the child for her mother, and the mother's tender ways toward her child. She carries this love higher: "The Church is a mother teaching her children from a picture book."

Her book seems to derive its strength and power from this love in her own heart, which diffuses itself to bring peace and courage to others. She speaks the language of love; sympathetic, intuitive, expressing the loneliness of creatures participating in the Christ-life; of Mary, an empty reed to receive the love song of the Word of God; the loneliness of Christ and His irresistible love: "Who is there gentle enough to keep its delicacy for us; who strong enough to defend its valor; who noble enough to keep its chivalry?" Rhythmic prayer is but wave upon wave of love sweeping to His Feet.

Joan Silversen, '42

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TREADING FOR GOD

Eleanore R. Whitney, '42

(In honor of the Golden Jubilee of Profession of our esteemed and venerated Sister Superior Provincial, Sister Augusta of the Sacred Heart)

Anniversary: of a dateless spousal day,
A young heart's world surrender,
Turning the lonely, chastened way.
God's daughter, saintly, tender,
Becomes Christ's trusting bride,
And seeks His Sacred Heart wherein to hide.

Virginal Entrance: of a heavenly trespass sweet,
Progressing with hours of love and pain,
Her prayer-shod feet forever beat
The dust of self-pursuit, and rain
Their good; unearthing veins of gold,
Blessed by grace through sacrifice, His Bliss foretold.

Golden Achievement: of a longed-for Jubilee:
Eyes that turned ever towards the sky
And saw not stars, but the Vision free
For a serving heart which asks not why
Nor where, but midst a burning flame
Of faith prays on, and utters Love—His Name!

A FEW MORE GIRLS

MEETING A CHALLENGE

Marie McCabe, '43

Eileen Tosney, '43

SAD news has just reached us. An old friend, beloved by Jane Austen, Charlotte Brontë, and George Eliot is breathing his last. Yes, the art of popular fiction, they tell us, is practically dead.

But wait, this is not the worst. As, grief-stricken, we inquire the cause of his death, we are informed that it was females who kidnapped the lately deceased, stabbed him, and left him to die. Shall we accept this charge meekly, with bowed heads? No; let us make some attempt to defend ourselves; let us vindicate what is left of our slender virtue. Let us attend the inquest which is being held over the mutilated remains.

We realize the futility of sobbing "I didn't know it was loaded," as one stands, smoking revolver in hand, over the body of one's best friend. Nevertheless, one of the cardinal points of literary criticism is "What did the author intend to do?" Hence, a discussion of the motives of those writers accused of this hateful deed may be in order before the final verdict is rendered.

Pearl Buck would not be our choice of a focal point for a discussion of popular fiction in the hands of women. True, she is a woman who writes popular fiction, but so also are Helen C. White and Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings. Be that as it may, the choice has been made for us, and we must abide

by it. The point we wish to make is, that Mrs. Buck, in writing her popular fiction, was attempting to express the spirit of a certain portion of the Chinese people—not the cultured, educated men and women like Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and his Wellesley-educated wife, but the coolie, the humblest class of Chinese. Now, above all times, when our country and China are fighting a common enemy, no book which attempts to make us better acquainted with the civilization of our allies can be summarily dismissed as drivel.

Mrs. Buck's characters may not think above the ground floor, but then, how many coolies live in penthouse apartments? Again, in "turning her coolie into exactly the sort of person the average reader thinks *he* is," has she not realized something of the universality of human nature?

Since the coolie of China, intellectually untrained, lives close to the soil, and draws the meaning of life from the soil, since his existence is bound to be static and quiet, Mrs. Buck's style, we contend, is marvelously suited to the people whom she is describing. It is simple, unadorned, as they are simple and unadorned. In proof of this, we submit the following paragraph from *The Good Earth* as Exhibit A:

But Wang Lung thought of his land and pondered this way and that, with the sick heart of deferred hope, how he could get back to it. He belonged, not to this scum which clung to the walls of a rich man's house; nor did he belong to the rich man's house. He belonged to the land and he could not live with any fullness until he felt the land under his feet and followed a plow in the spring-time and bore a scythe in his hand at harvest. He listened, therefore, apart from the others, because hidden in his heart was the knowledge of the possession of his land, the good wheat land of his fathers, and the strip of rice land which he had bought from the great house.

In our humble opinion, an entire book made up of paragraphs of the foregoing type would not deal such a lethal blow to the art of popular fiction as a few of the groups of sentences strung together by the great stylist, Ernest Hemingway, who has recently tolled the knell of good taste and good writing in fiction. Mr. Hemingway, like Mrs. Buck, writes simply and directly, and so expresses his thought clearly. We offer as Exhibit B the following gem taken from his *The Snows of Kilimanjaro*:

No, that's not snow. It's too cloudy for snow. And the Secretary repeating to the other girls, No, you see. It's not snow, and them all saying, It's not snow we were mistaken. But it was snow all right and he sent them out into it.

Could anything be more forthright and virile? No wonder Mr. Hemingway's books are greeted with delight by the more illiterate portion of the great American public. "See," they chortle gleefully, "he never went beyond grade school either!"

But let us leave Mr. Hemingway to flounder about in his snowdrift and turn our attention to women fiction writers at large, that great body of women who supposedly spend their lives scrambling around in a mad rush to secure the greatest market for their innocuous stories about love. Perhaps there are such females. We don't deny it, but neither do we dare press their claims too enthusiastically against that public-pleaser par excellence, that eminent man of letters, Christopher Morley. In his early days of writing, Mr. Morley blushingly let slip one or two off-color remarks. The public bought his books. Mr. Morley, surprised, hastened to write more books, slightly further off-color. The public bought these books also, and since then, Mr. Morley has gone on his merry way, pleasing his public more and more, until with *Kitty Foyle* he reached his peak. The prolific Mr. Morley will

probably write more books, we fear, and will create more outstanding characters, but Kitty will outshine them all, and her creator will continue to be one of the authors of *Best Sellers* who so often grace the Board of *Information, Please*. Literary heaven!

To our mind, the great women writers of popular fiction are those who rarely appear in the magazines. They were not officially summoned to the inquest, but in the interests of fair play we demand that they appear. We refer to the pathetic group of "shivering hopefuls, like Sigrid Undset" who now and then produce literature. Even they lapse once in a while into writing stories about love, but after all, love plays a rather large part in the affairs of the world. There can be no objection to the delineation of genuine love, for that is a universal, and universality is an element of lasting literature. Moreover, before uttering a sweeping condemnation of stories about love, one should remember that there is more than one kind of love, a fact which Mr. Morley, for example, may never have noticed.

Madame Undset stands pre-eminent among the "recalcitrants". Her magnificent trilogy, *Kristin Lavransdatter*, ostensibly describes the life of certain people in Norway in the Middle Ages, but actually it deals with the universal, unchanging facts in the lives of men and women of all ages. It goes deep into the hearts of the people, and in their joys and sorrows, loves and hates, we see reflected all humanity. Flashes of poetry scintillate throughout its pages.

Kate O'Brien is another authoress who may never make the Book-of-the-Month Club, but nonetheless, she has made a significant contribution to popular fiction. Her *The Land of Spices* deals with love, filial love, and the effect upon the daughter when the father proves unworthy of her devotion.

The striking clarity of her calm, reserved style is something which Mr. Hemingway could never hope to emulate. Mr. Morley would not even understand her.

A third member of this group is Jan Struther. She also writes of love, love of her country, in a subtle, but deeply moving fashion. There is no eternal triangle atmosphere, nor do hackneyed conversations on love fingermark the beauty of her story. *Mrs. Miniver* does not wave flags, beat drums, and scream from every page, "There'll always be an England," but her quiet determination and readiness to make sacrifices is far more reassuring than the ranting and raving in Eric Knight's *This Above All*, "the greatest love story of the war". If, since he is a man, his picture of the English people in time of crisis is to be considered more trustworthy than that of a mere woman, then God help England! She is beyond all other aid.

Surely a person who possesses acuteness in discriminating between artful and artless literature would never ignore the attainments of Willa Cather in the literary field. Despite the fact that she is a woman, she has an unclouded perspective that has its roots in the knowledge of the true nature of things. She writes in a style that is beautiful in its austerity. There is no room for triteness in her comprehensive view of the universe.

Gentlemen, the defense rests. But—what is this? The art of popular fiction breathes a faint sigh. A slight flush struggles to dispel the death-like pallor of his cheeks. Can it be possible that he is reviving, that he will regain the strength and vigor with which once, at Harriet Beecher Stowe's command, he helped to plunge a nation into war? Dare we suggest that the remedies of the "shivering hopefuls" have perhaps counteracted the poison administered by the Steinbecks

and the Hemingways who, seeming friendly, put arsenic into our old friend's figs in wine, and beer. Supported by Gertrude Diamant and Katherine Burton, he manages to gain a sitting position. As he sees the solicitous throng about him, a twinkle appears in his faded old eyes. His lips move, and those near him are surprised to hear him murmur, "Please, gentlemen, get me a gin fizz."

(Cf. *The Holy Cross Purple*, Vol. LV, No. 1)

ACCOUTERED

Mary P. Gill, '43

The star-swept heights, so wind-blown, free,
Their exaltations beckon thee.
The narrow path that gives ascent
Is dangerous, forbidding, bent.

But gird thee like a man,
Lift up in prayer thine eyes;
The Cross thine Alpine stock:
Advance!

WAR THOUGHTS AT NIGHT

Barbara Lydon, '43

Alone I walk where soft the moonlight shines
Upon the wind-swept country road which winds
Among the green-girt silhouetted pines:
They stand like guards in ever-watchful lines.
I walk to find a brief escape from wrong's designs.

Beyond this quiet sphere, it seems, the name
Of Beauty is dark-blotted out; hates flame
In evil hearts who play a vicious game
Against their erstwhile friends, and seek to tame
To shackle free men with strong bonds of shame.

But men who've drunk from cups of freedom sweet,
Can know of no reverses, no defeat.

THE KIDNAPER KIDNAPPED

Marie McCabe, '43

THE sharp click of the president's gavel cut through the excited babble of feminine voices. As soon as the room was quiet, the president began speaking in her soft, warm voice.

"I think, then, that the secretary may inform the national committee that the members of the Maplelawn Community Women's Club will be delighted to welcome these war orphans into their homes."

A low murmur of assent greeted her words.

"That's fine," she said, and her tones became brisk and businesslike; "now, we must decide in whose homes the children are to live. There will be six of them, you know, and we'd like six large, airy homes, with the kind of velvety lawns that children can play on without hurting themselves when they fall. Oh, and a big, gentle, friendly dog, too," she added enthusiastically.

Catherine White stirred uneasily. Although she kept her eyes riveted to the president's face, she could feel that the women sitting near her were looking at her. She had a large, airy home; her lush, green lawns were envied by all the neighbors; and three huge, gentle dogs romped in front of the kennels next to the garage.

"An ideal place for a child . . ." the president was saying. Yes, she knew it was an ideal place for a child. That was the whole reason for its existence. She and Jonathan had agreed that a crowded city was not conducive to a child's welfare.

Therefore, they had built this home in the suburbs, and their little Carol Ann had had every advantage that could be given to a child. One day, however, the familiar creak of the swing in the play-yard was no longer heard. The dogs whined mournfully as they searched for their beloved playmate, who tossed fitfully on her little white bed, trying to find a cool spot on which to lay her feverish cheek. Even as Kay and Jon watched, she stopped her restless threshing about, murmured in a strange tone, half-resigned, yet half-wondering, "Carol's tired, Mummy," and fell into a deep sleep, from which she had never awakened. A long, slow shudder passed through Catherine's body as she thought of the days of agony which had followed. Losing all self-control, she had given her grief free rein until, like a runaway horse, it had carried her farther and farther away from her husband. He had borne his grief quietly, manfully, and she had been unable to realize how achingly he missed his small daughter, how he longed to feel an imperious tug on his coat, and hear a sweet, commanding voice repeating, "Daddy, Daddy, let's play horsie!"

"After all," she would say to her friends, "I'm her mother. Naturally, I miss her more than a father could."

They would nod sympathetically as she dried her eyes on a scrap of white handkerchief. Thus, the rift between husband and wife had widened imperceptibly, as she had withdrawn herself more and more behind her grief.

Then the war had come. Surprisingly, Catherine had roused herself from her lethargy and plunged into defense work. The local chapter of the Red Cross and the various committees of the Women's Club had found in her a tireless worker, but for some reason, inexplicable even to herself, she remained aloof from Jon.

Feeling unable to endure the situation any longer, he had attempted to enlist in the navy. To his utter amazement, he had been rejected because of a perforated eardrum. Disappointed and discouraged, he spent more and more time at his office, where he could issue orders to those under him and bolster up his ego. Where, he wondered, had he failed as a husband?

Absently, now, Catherine raised her hand to put a stray lock of hair into place. Noticing the gesture, the president flashed her most winning smile.

"Were you going to volunteer, Mrs. White?"

"Oh," began Catherine in a negative tone, "I was just . . ."

She paused. Now everyone was looking at her expectantly. Still, they knew how she grieved for Carol Ann. They couldn't ask her to welcome a strange child in her baby's place, but under all those watchful eyes, she dared not refuse. Taking a deep breath, she finished her sentence.

"I was just about to say that Mr. White and I would be glad to care for one of the children."

A little rustle of applause punctuated these words. Pale and shaken, she sank back into her chair.

Driving home from the meeting, she began to wonder what Jonathan would say. She had to admit to herself that he had been quite fond of his little girl, and perhaps he too would resent the presence of another child in the house. She resolved to tell him immediately, that very night at dinner—that is, if he came home for dinner. More and more frequently of late, he had been staying in town for the evening.

Tonight, however, Jonathan came home on time. While the maid was serving their meal, Catherine carefully kept the conversation on the usual impersonal topics, the weather, the

condition of the garden, the work of her Red Cross First Aid class. At last, she could stand these trivialities no longer.

Turning suddenly to the maid, she said sharply, "That will do. I'll ring if I want you again."

As the door closed behind the girl's indignant back, Jonathan turned mildly inquiring eyes toward his wife. Since his daughter's death, however, he had grown accustomed to her moodiness; hence, he waited for her to speak first.

She drew a deep breath, then began, in a tense, tight voice, "This afternoon, at the Women's Club, we voted to care for a certain number of refugee children. They all seemed to look to me to take one, since our home is so ideally suited to a child's needs."

Her voice grew softer at these words, and she hesitated a moment, then hurried on. "There was nothing else I could do but volunteer."

For a moment after this announcement, her husband's face mirrored nothing but sheer amazement. Then, slowly, an expression of eagerness dawned in his eyes. It disappeared, however, at his wife's next words.

"I shall hire a competent nurse for the child, of course," she was saying. "It won't cause us any trouble at all."

"Oh," said Jonathan. Then, in a tone of polite interest, he inquired, "Will it be a boy or a girl?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Catherine. "It doesn't make any difference, does it?"

"Oh, no, I was just wondering what we will have to get in the matter of toys and clothes for the child."

"I imagine the committee will let us know the details," Catherine said.

"I suppose they will," Jonathan agreed. "Will you excuse me now? I brought some work home from the office."

"Certainly," said Catherine.

He pushed back his chair quickly and was gone. A moment later Catherine heard the library door slam decisively behind him. As she sat alone, her thoughts were confused and indefinite. At least, Jonathan had not objected. She was thankful for that. She had expected him to show a little more interest, however, even if it took the form of disapproval. Still, Jonathan wasn't interested in anything she did lately. What, she wondered, was the matter with them? Why were they drifting apart? Certainly, she assured herself, it wasn't her fault.

Because Catherine had insisted upon leaving Carol Ann's room just as it had been, preparations for the refugee's coming were slight. In less than a week, she was able to inform the committee that all was ready, and the next day the child arrived.

She was a little thing, who seemed even smaller as she stood in the large reception hall. The president of the Women's Club had brought her to the house in a flurry of excitement and emotion, and now, after that enthusiastic lady's departure, the room was strangely quiet. Left alone with the child, Catherine was momentarily at a loss for words. Beth, as the president had called the youngster, took a hesitant step forward.

"Hello," she said softly, looking up at Catherine with her amazingly large dark eyes, in whose depths lurked the remembrance of horrors which she should not have known.

The thought skimmed over Catherine's mind that at least Carol Ann's short childhood had been untouched by any sorrow. Hurriedly dismissing it, as tears stung her eyes, she responded, "Hello."

At that moment, the newly-engaged nursemaid appeared

in the doorway. With a sigh of relief, Catherine consigned the child to the capable-looking woman's charge. For some reason, the encounter had disturbed her.

That evening, Jonathan again arrived on time for dinner. As he and Catherine seated themselves at the beautifully appointed mahogany table, he glanced about inquiringly. Then, he turned surprised eyes toward his wife.

"Where is the little girl—Beth, isn't that her name?"

"Yes, it is," replied Catherine, answering his last question first. "She has had her supper upstairs with the nurse."

"Oh, I see," he said in a disappointed tone. "I thought perhaps I might see her."

"You'll see her when the nurse brings her down to say good-night to us."

"That's fine," said Jonathan heartily. "We really should try to make her feel at home."

A little later, as they were drinking their coffee in the living-room, Beth and the nurse came in. In the child's arms was one of the dolls with which Carol Ann had contented herself for hours at a time. At the sight, furious anger welled up within Catherine. To think that a strange child should even touch one of her darling baby's treasures! It was enough to have her occupy Carol Ann's room. She was seized with an almost uncontrollable impulse to snatch the plaything away. Fighting down this uncharitable desire cost her great effort, but she was able to turn a cool cheek for the child to kiss, and in return pecked her lightly on the forehead.

"Now run along to bed like a good child," she said indifferently.

Beth looked so small and lonely standing there, that Jonathan longed to show her some sign of real affection. Dreading the scene which might ensue, however, if he failed to

follow his wife's example, he merely patted the child's head, saying, "Go along upstairs with Nurse, and we'll see you in the morning. Sweet dreams."

A look of hurt puzzlement on her face, Beth turned to follow the nurse. At the door, she paused and shyly waved her hand. Jonathan, noticing the gesture, was about to wave in return, but seeing his wife's set expression, he changed his mind, and simply repeated, "Good-night."

With a little snuffle which disclosed how perilously close she was to tears, Beth closed the door.

The next evening, when she came to bid them good-night, she had no doll in her arms, and the sadness in her eyes was deeper.

"Where is your doll, Beth?" inquired Jonathan.

"She's been kidnapped," replied Beth hopelessly. It seemed that nothing in her small world was permanent.

"Oh, I'm sorry. We'll have to see what we can do to get her back. If we don't find her, maybe we can get another one for you."

"Thank you," she said politely, "but I don't think I want another. I liked that one very much."

At a loss for further words with which to meet the finality in this answer, Jonathan looked desperately to Catherine for help. As his eyes met hers, something he read there caused him to say to Beth, with new emphasis, "Don't worry any more. I'm sure I can get her back for you."

Beth sensed the confidence in his voice, and her face became suffused with a radiant hope which even Catherine's chilly good-night could not dispel.

After the child had gone upstairs, Jonathan turned angrily to his wife.

"See here, Kay," he began, "what do you mean by taking

the child's doll away? Don't deny that you took it; I know that you did."

"I'm not going to deny anything," replied Catherine scornfully. "I took the doll out of the nursery because I don't want a strange child to have my baby's favorite things."

"Why did you take her in the first place, if you didn't intend to act like a mother toward her?" stormed Jonathan. "What good does a beautiful house like this do a child, if the atmosphere is unfriendly?"

"Stop shouting," said Catherine coolly. "The child is well looked after materially, and she and the nurse are the best of friends. I don't see what you are so excited about."

"Oh, what's the use," muttered Jonathan in a defeated tone. "You know what I mean, but you just will not admit it."

Turning on his heel, he abruptly left the room. A moment later, Catherine heard the front door slam, and then his car started with a jerk and roared down the driveway. She shrugged her shoulders. What a little thing to make Jonathan so aroused! He just couldn't understand a mother's feelings.

In the days which followed, things seemed to go on just as they had since Carol Ann's death. No more was said about the doll, but Catherine knew that Jonathan had not forgotten it. One evening, as he was hanging up his coat, a small toy fell out of his pocket. He picked it up guiltily, but Catherine pretended she had not seen it. If he could forget Carol Ann so easily, she couldn't.

Beth still came to bid them good-night each evening. She did not linger, but kissed each one, and immediately went upstairs. A few minutes after her visit, Jonathan would go upstairs to work, leaving Catherine alone to her self-pity for the rest of the evening.

Then, suddenly, Beth's nightly visits ceased. The first evening, when Catherine remarked about this, Jonathan said casually, "Probably she was so tired that the nurse put her to bed early," and Catherine accepted this explanation.

After a few nights, however, during which Beth failed to appear, Catherine found that she missed her very much. Unconsciously, she had come to look forward to the child's nightly kiss. She would not admit to Jonathan her desire to see her, but as soon as he had gone upstairs one evening, she went up to Beth's room. Opening the door softly, she peered in, then stood transfixed on the threshold. Jonathan was seated beside the bed, helping Beth cut out paper dolls. So engrossed were they in their task that they failed to notice Catherine until a little gasp announced her presence. Then Jonathan came quickly to her side.

"I'm really sorry if I've hurt you," he said, seeing the misery in her eyes, "but Beth reminds me so much of Carol Ann. She's such a cute little tyke. You'd really like her if you paid any attention to her."

Catherine turned and fled. Jonathan slowly returned to his place and picked up a piece of paper.

"Now, let's see," he began. "Where were we?"

His efforts to sound gay failed miserably, and Beth slipped a comforting little hand into his.

As they sat thus, Catherine was suddenly beside them. In her hand was the doll she had spirited away.

"Beth," she said, and her voice broke as she realized that she had no part in their friendship, "here is your doll. The kidnaper has been punished."

PROTEUS

Eileen Tosney, '43

Hail! yon Proteus of the sky!
A lonely sloop of white which rides its way
On a blue ethereal bay;
Unguided, rampant, you scuttle on high,
Now towards the East, now white prow in the West,
Tossing, swirling, finding no rest.

*O would that I could ride the sky with you
Amidst the soft, compelling blue,
And feel no leaden press of earthly woe
That bows the mind, as leaf-stript trees bend bur-
dened with the snow.*

Hail! yon Proteus of the sky!
A charging steed, with cloudy-streaming mane,
Pounding over the sky's blue plain,
Silent, yet rearing as if to defy.
Unbridled, free, no servant of mankind,
That seeks to break, and then slave-bind.

*O would that I could roam on high with you,
And lose myself in misty stretch of placid blue.*

Now a dancer bends and sways to please my upward gaze,
Wraith-like feet that trip above in an ecstasy of love.
Shaping her steps to maze the eye,
Gay abandon in the sky.

*Proteus, I strain to reach your cloud-built land,
Untainted, pure, unmarred by human hand,
Where you in sportive glee sail hither, yon,
Light-tipped, speed-wingèd cloud! Alas, 'tis gone!*

LITTLE MEN

Margaret Corcoran, '43

THE sea was calm, effortlessly sustaining the dull gray shapes that depended upon it for their operation. Overhead misty-gray cloud formations gathered surreptitiously, smothering the first pale streaks of the new dawn. Gulls wheeling and encircling below, blended in mood and color into the setting.

Slowly the gray shapes moved along in the uncertain light, each prow silently parted the calm waters, tossing aside curled white sprays which soon dissolved. To Thomas Marray, standing on the bridge of the first destroyer, it was a familiar scene; so familiar, in fact, that it seemed a part of his life. He looked forward eagerly during the long, dark hours of the night to that moment when the first pure ray of light came into being. It wasn't that he minded the darkness and the solitude of the watch; but the bleakness of it all represented for him the state of the world about him, the state of his own mind, the fumbling uncertainty of the little men flinging themselves against the impregnable gloom.

He laughed bitterly. He realized that he, too, was one of the little men valiantly trying to rend the pressing weight. It was like beating with bare hands against a rough cement wall. Soon one was raw and bleeding, unfit to carry on in the glorious cause. Then one was cast aside; one was looked at pityingly.

As if at some hidden signal, his thoughts went back to his childhood, those days of making boats out of scrap pieces of

used lumber and bent nails, which he straightened out by sheer will and perseverance. It is strange, Tom mused, how in the midst of daily living one seems to reach back into the past, into childhood memories, and get a warm glow of pleasure in reliving gone scenes.

The sluggish, shady river near home had been proving ground for many a pseudo-trustworthy invention of his. The fate of one mosquito boat (rightly named, Ma said later as she applied rubbing alcohol to his many bites) stood out in his mind as if it happened but yesterday. A scar always with him made him conscious of its searing memory.

The tiny craft had been under construction for weeks in his back yard. Then one June day it was pronounced fit for launching. There was a gaily-ribboned bottle of ginger ale at hand, a ready substitute for the conventional christening champagne. Ellen Westfield was to break this on the side of the boat. She did not quite understand why she was wasting a perfectly good bottle of ginger ale on an old piece of junk. But she was too young to know it was a masterpiece. She was mollified, Tom remembered with a smile, by the anticipation of having a glass with the Admiral (Tom himself) when she was allowed on board.

How gaily the boat's flags were waving as she rocked on the gentle tide! It was as if she had caught a soft strain of music, and enchanted, swayed to its rhythm. Tom recalled that a crowd had been present, even old Gil Whiting had left his fishing pole dangling heedlessly in order to watch the launching and to be of any help he could.

On the dot of four, the bark broke from her mooring as her bow wet with foaming ginger ale touched the moving current. Tom and Dan Hurley were amidship waving their paper-fashioned Admiral hats wildly. They were both con-

scious of a feeling of triumph. Suddenly, a shudder seemed to run through the ship. She began to take in water.

What if it should happen now! How would it feel to relive those minutes of agony beneath the swirling water; water which seemed to cling and suffocate, to wrap baleful arms around one and bear one down, down.

Yes, what if it happened now? Would he look to the safety of the men? They were his men, placed in his section. They were all good men. They had a right to see the dawn again. Swede Larson, Tom Kelley, Red Carmody—would he let them go down, and just look out for himself? What about big laughing Swede who admitted that he could never swim a stroke? He had never tried with the rest, saying that when his turn came, he would go right to the bottom like lead and stay there, chief Bos'n in Davey Jones' Locker. No, this time he would serve Thomas Murray only. This time things would be different. He'd . . .

"Hostile planes approaching! Hostile planes approaching! Man your battle stations!" The loud, staccato, hidden voice cut sharply into Tom's thoughts, scattering them. All around him the quiet deck was coming to life as men made ready for the flight. This is what they had been lying in wait for. Now it was here!

Soon the flight deck was crowded with planes. Five minutes later, one by one they were winging off. The sky was still at peace. There was no sign of enemy action. Yet the receptors couldn't lie. From out the vast silence, they had picked up the teasing whine of the fast approaching ships. Now every man was at his station, ready and prepared for action.

Tom had no other thought but that of duty. For this he had marched, drilled, lived; for this, perhaps, he would die.

But such thoughts as these had a brief stay—all were part of that machine that kept the boat afloat and prepared. In a time like this, all action had to be concerted; every sense was keyed to alertness, every muscle tense to do and to dare.

The gray sky was no longer peaceful. It was a raging battle area for screaming eagles—eagles that clawed and raged at vultures, the dark shadows whereof mingled in the gray and white light. Soon the gray was shot with flame, as plane after plane spit its deadly message in answer to countless thrusts of steel. Planes, once swift and proud, crumpled now in masses of fire, and plummeted through space.

“Man the guns!” At this command, Tom lowered his glasses from the flaming sky. It wasn’t his turn to watch now; it was time to act, to strike back, to make those planes pay, pay in full measure. It was as if . . . A terrific explosion dead ahead sent a shiver through the deck under his feet. The planes were nearing their target, the carrier in the middle of the convoy. He must get to the other deck before . . .

Again, the water was swirling about him. This time, charred wood, splintered life-boats blown from their anchorage, limp bodies surrounded and impeded him. It was like a game: you were in; you were out. You . . . Stop it. Get a hold on yourself. Take things easy. Be calm. Catch at that broken life-boat. Hold on until you can catch your breath. There now . . . relax . . . Broken thoughts were pressing over and over on his consciousness; small hints given to him during his first days of training. Never thought he’d use them . . . but . . .

All about him, confusion mounted as bomb upon bomb hit the water; but the 742 was still some five hundred yards away. Lucky those Japs had eyes that weren’t 20-20. You always saw them cartooned wearing glasses; now you really

appreciated the joke. Thank heaven for small things! Where were Swede, Red, and the rest? In the dim light, even familiar shapes looked fantastic. It was difficult to make out anything. The water was coated with debris, bits of wreckage, twisted masses. He was still in one piece, whole. He had a chance to survive. He'd try.

But what of Swede, Red, and the others? A hidden voice was shouting it within him. What of them? They had a right to see another sunrise, to live again in that world they were all going to rebuild. What kind of a world would it be without laughing Swede? They would share in the glory. It was too soon to quit.

At that moment, Tom, hearing the sound of struggling from the other side of the life-boat eased himself painfully into the water. He swam slowly to the other side amid the tangled masses which blocked his feeble strokes. He had to go on. He had to make it; not only for Swede but for the millions of little men just like him.

Yes, it was Swede. The familiar yellow hair was plastered close to his skull, his laughing face was battered almost beyond recognition. Successfully, Tom guided the mangled form back to the life-boat.

"You can make it, boy. Come on. Hold on here. I've got to leave a sec. I'll be back before you can whistle."

Swede nodded dumbly. Catching hold of the bobbing boat, he sagged wearily against its support.

For hours, for so it seemed to Tom, he made many trips from the water about the flaming destroyer to the broken life-boat. Above him, smoke and fire raged in a battle of their own making. Now and then, crippled, twisted planes momentarily piercing the smoke screen, plunged to their doom.

The life-boat by this time was crowded; yet Tom came back once more with another still form. He knew this would be the last one rescued, because the strength lent to him by the thoughts of duty, was fast going. But he had done it. He had rendered to Caesar his due. Duty had challenged. He had answered the challenge. He had . . .

Single thoughts came crowding in upon his consciousness. I must be floating off now. . . . It feels good to relax, to breathe deeply once more. Must tell Ellen about . . . No more worry . . . must . . . Then, the deep blackness rolled over him like a soothing wave. Thoughts came no more.

* * *

"Lieutenant Thomas Murray." The precise voice of Commander Hanify sounded and echoed in the air above the five men lined up for decorations. The voice seemed to delight in hearing its own clipped cadence over and over.

"Come to, chum. That's you," Nappy Johnson whispered from the corner of his mouth.

"Step forward, please." Again the precise voice clipped off into the crisp afternoon air. As if in a daze, Tom moved forward. Now he was before the Commander. He was hearing his words now forming sentences that were real.

"Lieutenant Murray, you have been singled out for this great honor by your Government, on the recommendation of your Superior Officers, in recognition of your valorous deed. In our eyes and in those of your Government you are a hero. In the midst of appalling danger, you completely forgot self . . . You . . ."

Dimly the staccato tones faded away in the back of Tom's mind to make room for his own crowding thoughts. A hero! They said he was a hero. But they couldn't know his inner struggle. A struggle against the whirling, righteous words,

sounding again and again, prodding him on, prodding him on, on . . . until the thing was done. It was the old Scripture saying: render to Caesar . . . You had a job to do and you did it.

Suddenly conscious that the Commander was about to conclude his speech, Tom focussed his attention on what *old Han* was saying.

"... and I feel sure that if the occasion again arises, Lieutenant, you would not hesitate to do in like manner. You not only looked out for your Superior Officers; you rescued the little men as well. It gives me great pleasure to pin on this medal, a small sign of thanks from all."

"Thank you, sir."

Saluting sharply, Tom turned, faced his men. He encountered Swede's gaze, and the look of gratitude and admiration that shone in his eyes, brought a sudden mist before Tom.

"Darn that Swede, making me feel humble and proud before the squadron," Tom mumbled under his breath. "Something must be done about that: the big Swede!"

Tom again took his place in line with all the other little men. Perhaps someday he'd tell Ellen about those moments in the water. She had been by him once many years ago. She knew what it was like. She'd understand.

FULFILLMENT

Mary E. Gallagher, '43

I gathered roses in the night
 When they were wet with dew;
I knew your kisses with delight
 When we were young, we two.

I saw the suns first rays endow
 The dusky sky with light;
I heard your whispered wedding vow
 And my soul felt its might.

I plucked the rosebud from the bough
 But late frost stole the tree;
I held the issue of our vow
 That you left behind for me.

I saw the moon illuminate
 The sky from dark to dawn;
I saw our son reach manhood's state—
 And now my work is done.

And now the leaf is at the sere,
 And low the sand bar's moan,
I hear you call me, ah! my dear,
 I am coming, coming Home.

SHAM

Eileen Tosney, '43

THE caressing strains of *The Blue Danube* edged their way into the din of the crowded restaurant. The swing session of forks and voices, spoons and scraping chairs faded out. Couples rose to dance on the dime-sized floor.

At a table near the dance floor a girl and a boy sat. A huge bouquet of American beauty roses dominating its center distinguished it from the other tables.

"It's our song," he said. "Shall we dance?"

The girl rose gracefully. Her soft brown eyes, honey-colored hair were set off to advantage by a dress of gray wool. She smiled faintly at the blond young man as she slid into his waiting arms. It was a reluctant smile, as if it were drawn from the depths of sorrow.

They moved rhythmically across the small floor, two figures swaying as one, conscious only of each other. Blue eyes spoke to brown eyes; brown eyes answered lovingly. Silence seemed to envelop and beautify them both. The girl found the courage to shatter the beauty of the moment.

"Remember the first time we danced to this song?" she asked dreamily.

"Hmn . . ."

"It was at your Senior hop, and I was your blind date." She laughed softly.

"What are you laughing about?" he demanded.

"I'm remembering how you disliked me, then. I think you said that I was a smug, conceited prude."

"That was before I really knew you, before my eyes were aware of your beauty," he countered teasingly.

"Your eyes were opened by a blind date?" She cocked her head, and laughed merrily.

"The fact that you refrained from puns like that always attracted me. I don't want to be forced to end our friendship now," he said in mock anger.

"End our . . . oh," she cried, crushing his sleeve between her fingers. "Please don't talk about the end of things."

"I'm sorry, dear; but it isn't really the end, you know. It's only . . ."

The last note of the waltz died with a quivering sigh, like the soft whisper of the wind in the trees. The dancers returned to their tables. The clatter of forks and spoons, chairs and voices again ruled the air.

The boy guided the girl back to the table with the rose-crowned center. Already, the longstemmed beauties were drooping in the heavy atmosphere. The girl touched a flower lightly. She smiled wistfully.

"Even the roses seem unhappy," she said.

The boy stretched out his hand to cover the small, white one resting on the table.

"There's nothing to be unhappy about," he ventured quietly. "It's come, and we must face it."

"I know I'm acting silly, and being selfish; but I can't help it. I'm afraid for you."

"But I'll be perfectly safe," he laughed softly. He leaned across the table to say in pretended indignation, "Don't you think I am able to take care of myself?"

She smiled for a moment, but only for a moment.

"Of course," she answered faintly.

She played with the clasp of her bag. Opening—shutting

—opening—shutting. Its tiny “click” was like a weak yelp amidst strong roars.

“I’ve realized it must come. I’ve known it for months. I could bear the thought before . . . before the war.”

He released her hand. He carefully measured two teaspoonsful of sugar into his cup of coffee. He seemed to be considering his next words.

“Naturally, the war would change your outlook. It’s bound to do the same to thousands of others. But dear,” lifting his head to meet her eyes, “I don’t want to reproach you, but, I rather expected that you, of all people, would understand what I must do.”

“I’m trying, trying very hard,” she answered faintly, “but I don’t want you to go. I can’t let you go. I don’t care about the old war. All I want is you.”

Tears filled her eyes. The boy hastily whipped out his handkerchief.

“Here . . . here,” he murmured. He said no more, silent at the sight of a woman in tears.

She felt for the handkerchief, and buried her face in it. After a short while, she lifted her head.

“I’m sorry. It was foolish of me, wasn’t it?”

“Yes,” the boy answered fondly, “very foolish.”

“But I keep thinking that this is the end of all your wonderful plans, the end of all the little things we dreamed of doing together.”

She leaned across the table.

“Remember the cabin we planned to buy in the Maine woods, far away from the bounds of civilization? You described it yourself—a small, sturdy cabin hidden away among whispering pines, near a stream where fish leaped out and

waved their fins in welcome. Remember," she repeated pathetically.

"Yes, and don't you worry." Once more, he caught her hand. "We'll have that cabin someday."

"Someday! Oh, darling, how long is someday?" she cried.

He was silent for a moment, toying with the slim fingers that were clasping his hand.

"Would you want me to shirk my duty?" His voice was low, yet commanding.

The directness of the question startled the girl. She freed her hand. She stared at the boy without speaking.

"Would you?" he insisted.

"No . . . no, of course not, but . . ."

"There aren't any 'buts' about it, dear. I've got to go, and that is all there is to it."

"I know. I shouldn't act like this; but I keep thinking of the danger; of all the horrible things war can do to you."

"Rather think of how wonderful it will be when I return. We'll be married right away, and then . . ."

He leaned across the table. His voice was teasing.

"Then, why then, we'll build that cabin in the Maine woods."

She smiled wistfully.

"When . . . when does the train leave?" she asked.

"At four fifteen."

The girl glanced at the watch that circled her slim wrist.

"That means that we have but a half hour—a half hour in which to crowd years of happiness."

The sound of a violin broke on the air. Trumpets, cornets, saxophones, and pianos took up its quivering cry. Once again, the restaurant throbbed with music.

The boy rose from the chair and bowed low over the hand of his lovely companion.

"May I have the pleasure of this dance?"

"Our last dance," she whispered, as they moved to the pulsating rhythm, "our last dance!"

"Cut!"

The word sliced the air.

Stan Raymond, Director of *Forever Yours*, the latest of the Lola Martin-Broderick Trent starring vehicles, leaped from his chair, and strode savagely toward the sound stage.

"The scene's no good," he yelled. "The both of you have about as much animation as a Punch and Judy show."

He stopped short before Broderick Trent, and eyed that supercilious person steadily.

"Look, Broderick, how many times have I told you not to crowd the camera? Lola is in the scene, too, you know."

The blond young *heartthrob* of American womankind arched his eyebrows. His eyes looked past Lola Martin's gray-swathed figure.

"In the scene," he echoed incredulously, "why the way she acts all over the set you would think it was a solo picture. Must she hide my face when she stretches her fingers out to touch the roses? Perhaps you think her little finger could make the picture a success," he added sarcastically.

The soft, brown eyes that had been so appealing glinted with fire-points.

"Look here, Broderick Trent, I'm tired of your complaining. If you don't like acting with me, why don't you quit?"

Her melodious voice which had stirred thousands emotionally rose to an eagle-like scream, as she turned to castigate her director.

"I'm tired of it all. I tell you I won't stand for it another minute. Either he leaves, or I do."

Her angry voice echoed and re-echoed in the air of the set. It reached the ears of the script girl standing off to the left.

"There they go again," she said to the assistant director, "and they are so wonderful in their love scenes. It's so disillusioning," she sighed.

"Yeah, isn't it," he remarked casually.

"Now, listen, Lola," Raymond said placatingly, "we'll do the whole scene over. Come on, now; take your places again, please."

"Very well," she said imperiously, "but let me tell you . . ."

"Yes, Lola, yes. All right, Jim, ready? Lights, cameras, action!"

Softly, the caressing strains of *The Blue Danube* filled the air. Girl and boy swayed together once more clinging to each other.

AUTHORITY

Marjorie Greene, '43

O foolish Foot of Youth, rebelling now
Against your wise and understanding Shoe!
If heedless insurrection should undo
Those lacings of restraintment, and allow
You, all unshod, to strut triumphantly,
Quite soon a sharp and stony avenue
Of Passions uncontrolled would spring in view,
And make you limp all through Maturity.
O stumbling Foot, forget your stubborn pride,
Embrace protecting Shoe, and creep inside.

A PULSING DRAMA

Eileen M. Mahoney, '43

MAETERLINCK wrote of the modern drama: "It has no soul . . . there is no God to widen the sphere of its action or to master it." A few years before the curtain rose on Spain's great national tragedy, one of her outstanding dramatists produced a work which is a refutation of the dictum of Maeterlinck. Eduardo Marquina is the dramatist; his *El Monje Blanco* is the drama with a soul.

Departing in this play from his usual historical theme, Marquina depicts neither the character nor the way of life of his own countrymen. The scene of this drama could have been laid in any of the thousands of little towns where a monastery's spires tower protectingly above the village homes. But Marquina chose an unknown Italian village for a setting. This choice does not hide the fact that the play is influenced by the national Catholic spirit always closely associated with its author. The work is, therefore, as beautiful as the religious heritage of Spain; it is as virile as its people; it is as profound as the deep-running current of Spanish life. It is pulsing, vital.

The magnitude of the theme of the drama is apprehended when one considers the number and diversity of its characters. Side by side on the stage of *El Manje Blanco* are noble and peasant, monk and bandit. Here, a little boy of six happily playing in his own little world is the cause of untold unhappiness for his foster-mother. Here, a count whose "sense of honor" is greater than his honor ruins the life of a beautiful peasant girl, stripping that life of its sole happiness, even

resorting to murder to accomplish his end. Here, a wise and holy Provincial of monks influences the lives of many more than the proud Brother who comes to him to learn repentance. In and out of the lives of all of these characters walks the faithful Lay Brother who soothes and reorders each life by means of the *miracle*—that is, his childlike trust in the love of our Blessed Mother.

The theme of the drama is revealed in the contrast between the characters of the Lay Brother, Fray Can, and the famous Count Hugo del Saso, now Fray Paracleto, who is the sculptor of the monastery's beautiful statue of our Lady of Grace. To him, "La Imagen" is no more than a man-constructed image which can be destroyed at his will, and with it the memory of his past from which he thinks to run away. Fray Can is the keeper of the sanctuary wherein the statue of his beloved Señora stands. To him, the image is a warm and exquisite representation of Mary. Because of the simplicity of his love for "La Señora", Fray Can is rewarded by the apparition of our Blessed Lady to him in his cell. In more than one sense Fray Can holds the key to the sanctuary of "La Virgen Santísima". While Fray Paracleto has made an image with his hands, Fray Can has, with his heart, made the image come to life.

It is imperative in presenting the theme of *El Manje Blanco* to deal as well with the artistic technique of the playwright. The matter and form of the drama are a challenge to the greatest of actors, to the best of scenic designers, and to the most discerning of audiences. It is so powerful in its scope, so simple in its detail that it took the purely dramatic poetry of Marquina to attain so perfect a harmony between background and actors. The poet wields his poetic power equally well in depicting beauty and pathos as in presenting high

dramatic episodes. The torrid outpouring of Fray Paracleto's anger upon Fray Can shows this power:

At my one blow
The image of marble fell;
That of your soul alike I shall demolish,
Though you persist in retaining it.

Poetic beauty and pathos are blended in the scene between Arabela and her little charge, Mayolín. In order to carry out the seemingly inhuman command of Fray Can—that of abandoning the child after tying him to the trunk of a tree—Arabela lulls him to sleep with the tender story of the *Virgin's Lullaby*:

Sorrowing, the Virgin Mary smiled,
The little Jesus did not wish to sleep;
A linnet sang his evening song to the moon,
And Mary, at the Holy Child's request,
Sought to copy the bird's celestial note.
The Virgin sang; the little Jesus listened,
Good Joseph, at his work ceased sawing;
The Virgin sang and Jesus fell asleep.
So heavily He slept that when the morning came
At His Mother's gentle call he did not wake.
Then when day had entered, and yet Jesus slept,
To wake Him, His Virgin Mother had to weep!

Mayolín, too, was to awaken and see the tears of his mother.

Before the "Miracle of Fray Can" comes to pass, the dramatist presents many another potent scene of intricate variation. From the silent confines of the monastery cell where the Provincial listens to the confession of Fray Paracleto, the scene shifts suddenly to the latter's palatial residence where is to be found Count Hugo del Saso; thence to the forest hut of Orsina and her father, the bandit Capolupo; thence

to the quiet village where the child Mayolín has been left in the care of the peasant girl, Arabela. No maze results from this rapid and varied shift of scene, for the dramatist holds all the ropes bound in the unity of the theme.

In the simple character of Fray Can, dutiful son of Mary, the plot verges. His childlike ingenuity brings about the reunion of Orsina and her little son, thereby opening the way to happiness for Arabela. In Fray Can's tiny cell permeated with the aura of sanctity caused by the Virgin's presence, Hugo is first made to realize the resemblance, even if it be faint, that exists between Orsina and Mary, the ideal of Womanhood. Here, all the poetry, all the splendor of the climax of the drama is brought to light and focussed, finding its expression in the sage advice which the saintly Provincial gives to Fray Paracleto.

Leaving your cell
Walk at her side again;
Rebuild the image you now profane,
In her finding only the qualities
Worthy of love.

Fray Paracleto, like Fray Can, was to learn to look up to a vision. He was to place Orsina, the woman whom he had banished from his life, on the pedestal of love. Subconsciously, it is true, he had taken Orsina as the model for his statue. Like Pygmalion, he was to learn to love his statue, and by that love bring to Orsina, to their abandoned child, and to himself, the fullness of life, the happiness of love born of sacrifice. From their reunion, likewise, Orsina was to know the unselfishness and preciousness of human love, and the greater height and depth of her love for God. This transition of sentiment and transformation of love is clearly expressed in the pure poetry of her closing words:

Let us live happily,
Learning to look upward,
Visioning the images formed
By the Miracles of Fray Can!

In the "Miracles of Fray Can" abides the soul of the drama. The reader looks up in his turn and learns from Fray Can the simple miracle of Faith. In this drama, then, is Maeterlinck's lamented God Who works in the souls of Orsina and Hugo, as He does hourly in reality in the souls of men, the spiritual miracle of Love.

THE SECRET

Eileen M. Mahoney, '43

A dusty lane of Druryville
Knows scurrying leaves and my quick tread;
The wind and I go up the hill.
The villagers light their lamps instead!

The done day turns a lingering gaze
At evening's dappled gates swung wide,
And rims with gold the soft clouds' haze.
The villagers light their fires inside.

No one is heeding the day's goodbye,
None save brown leaves, the wind, and I.

CHECKED

Caroline Desaulniers, '43

Within my hand I held a rare-formed leaf,
I touched it, clasped it, watched it carefully;
But suddenly, to my exclaiming grief,
The stealthy, gusty wind tore it from me.

Upon my breast I wore an orchid flower,
I looked upon it often, loved its breath;
And yet, before the passing of an hour,
This glory had been snatched from me by death.

Locked in my heart I kept a melody,
Wind, death tried hard, but all in vain,
When o'er and o'er I sung it happily,
To wrest from me this deep harmonious strain.

EDITORIALS

The Real Superman:

The newspaper, radio Superman who can outrace a fast-speeding bullet, can out-power a locomotive, can leap from skyscrapers at a single bound, can bend steel in his bare hands is a prodigious imaginative figment. But there is a real Superman by reason of his delegated office and power—the Pope! He, alone, has and can marshal the only vital principle that will create world order.

Many, misguided and uninformed, object to the statement of the Pope's person, power, and position. They deny the supernatural source of his authority. This does not stop the ever-recurring question on their lips, "Why doesn't the Pope do something to stop this war?" They rob him of this power, on the one hand; they blame him for not using it, on the other. The answer is simple. It is in man himself. However, the Pope is doing something, and a huge something; but men have ears and hear not. *Summi Pontificatus* is clear and trenchant. We quote:

. . . convinced that the use of force on one side would be answered by recourse to arms on the other. We considered it a duty inseparable from Our Apostolic office and of Christian charity to try every means to spare mankind and Christianity the horrors of a world conflagration, even at the risk of having Our intentions and Our aims misunderstood. Our advice, if heard with respect, was not, however, followed.

Men refused to accept the Pope's formula for peace (which, by the way, has been neatly tucked into political proclamations) because they preferred evil aggrandizement and selfish interest to love and charity. Error was more palatable than truth.

It is the law of nature that effects follow causes. This renouncement of the universal norm for rectitude led inevitably to individual, national, and international distrust and conflict. War was created, because war was desired and caused. It would have been an outrage against the established natural principles to have expected other. War can only cease when its cause is abolished. This can be effected when mankind willingly foregoes its adherence to evil. The Pope can apply the remedy through the teaching authority of the Church. It is of no use if the world will not accept it. A doctor can cure a patient only when that patient is receptive and co-operative. Again, the Pope has openly and clearly pronounced the embrative remedy:

The forces that are to renew the face of the earth should proceed from within, from the spirit. The reeducation of mankind . . . must proceed from Christ, actuated by justice and charity.

It is a spiritual solution presented by the Vicar of Christ on earth. The world must accept it or accept chaos. Social, economical, and political principles of themselves are worthless, for they fail to strike at the seat of the world disease. "He will not have peace who resists God." (cf. Job IX, 4.)

International lawlessness will disappear when "a mutual love and a lively sense of charity unite all the sons of the same Father, and all those redeemed by the same Divine Blood." The errors of four hundred years must be abolished. The Reformation was successful negatively in that it substituted material disunity for spiritual unity. A thin and tottering success! So the spiritual decay of the world hastened on to ultimate dissolution. Today, we are reaping its ignoble benefits (?) in a monstrous Planet War. There is hope of resurrection and reconstruction only in the leadership of the

Real Superman, who will "lead peoples back from the muddy gulf of material and selfish interest to the living fountain of Divine Love!"

Eileen Tosney, '43

Women Replace Men: Then What?

It is alarming to notice the inceasing number of women actively engaged in war industries. In December, 1941, women defense workers numbered about 1,400,000. By this December, 3,000,000 more women are expected to have joined them. A year from now, the number will probably be 6,000,000. Chairman Paul V. McNutt, of the War Manpower Commission, says that "Over 18,000,000 women must be gainfully employed at the end of 1943. . . ." Broken down, these figures mean that one out of every six women over eighteen years of age will be needed. At least one out of every four housewives, between the ages of eighteen and forty-four, will be employed.

It is not just an indefinable sense of the fitness of things which causes us to view these figures with uneasiness. It is the stark, inescapable fact that women were not fashioned by their Creator to build bombers and tanks, but for the purpose of bearing children. This primary aim is hindered, or even completely frustrated, by the unaccustomed duties which women must make their bodies perform in war factories. Moreover, many women, intoxicated by the large salaries they receive, and the new freedom which they enjoy, refuse to take the necessary time off from their work to have children.

Were single women alone called upon to replace men in these strenuous jobs, the situation would be deplorable

enough; but housewives and even mothers are leaving their homes to assume an active part in the war production industries, with disastrous and far-reaching effects. The very sanctity of the home, on which depends the welfare of the state, is threatened. The city cannot properly provide for a child while the mother is at work. A mother's first duty is to her children, and by the conscientious performance of this task she fulfills her secondary duty to the state.

Not only is this problem of the working mother of vital importance at present, but it holds ominous consequences for the future. How enthusiastically can we expect our armed forces to fight now to protect our homes, while we ourselves are ruthlessly destroying these homes? Whence will come the Christian men and women to assume the difficult tasks of reconstruction when the war shall be over?

What is the solution? There are still over three million people unemployed in this country. Of these, a great number are men who could be given work in the war factories. Men who are at present engaged in non-essential occupations, men who have been rejected for active military service should be made available to fill these positions. Only in the moment of desperate need, which pray God will never come, when our country, stripped of its man-power, is tottering on the brink of certain ruin, should woman be taken from her natural sphere and called upon to replace man in the performance of strenuous physical labor.

Marie McCabe, '43

THE PACK OF AUTOLYCUS

"My father named me Autolycus . . . a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."

"Jog on, jog on the footpath way,
And merrily hent the stile-a.
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad heart tires in a mile-a."

The Winter's Tale, IV, iii

On Eyebrows:

Passionate sonnets and tender love songs have never been written about them, yet they constitute one of the most important factors of all those which make up the expression on a face. They have always held a great interest for me. Whenever I am introduced to a stranger, I find myself carefully noting his eyebrows.

The most maddening type of eyebrow is, I think, one which has an uncontrollable tendency to quirk superciliously. I am sure, even before the unfortunate possessor of such an adornment speaks, that he will speak in an airy tone, letting fly barbed words which unerringly find the tenderest spot in the listener's *amour-propre* and remain embedded there long after the marksman has left to seek new targets.

Quite different from this individual is the beetle-browed person who inspires fear, rather than anger. The overhanging eyebrows give to his face an expression of sternness and intensity. Even without the gruff

voice and heavy gestures which usually accompany such eyebrows, I would know that this man was the head of a labor union, a successfully self-made businessman, or at least a chief of police.

Then there are eyebrows which amuse me. A dark morning quickly becomes six shades lighter if, in the subway, I encounter someone whose eyebrows, curved upwards at the tips, give to his face a look of perpetual surprise. His way of greeting the most commonplace remark about the weather with an expression of utter amazement gives me the greatest delight. Moreover, there could certainly be no better person than this to whom to impart an interesting bit of news or to tell a new joke. Since it is a physical impossibility for him to appear very bored, he gratifies your desire for an attentive audience who apparently has not heard it all before.

Even when eyebrows have been shorn off completely, and replaced by a pencilled line, entirely different in size and direction from the original, they reveal to me a great deal about the individual who has performed such a work of art upon herself. I am sure that her mind is filled with thoughts of nothing more important than her eyebrows. Also, I am inclined to the belief that she is insincere, disguising her true opinions as effectively as her true eyebrows, and setting forth equally artificial ones. Perhaps I do her an injustice, but she rarely does anything to disprove my theory.

* * *

My favorite eyebrows are those which are trained to follow their natural line perfectly. They are not plucked to within an inch of their lives, nor are they too bushy. Rather, they pursue the happy medium course between these two extremes. I am never surprised if the possessor of such eyebrows proves to be a poised, cultured person whose voice, gesture, apparel, are all equally modulated.

* * *

Sometimes, I am disappointed to find that eyebrows have misled me. I notice fierce, bristling eyebrows on a kind old gentleman, or a look of childish surprise on a very serious-minded student. These occasions are quite rare, however, and even then I am not always convinced that my observations were entirely wrong. It might well be that the individual in question has, with great effort, strengthened and improved his character, while his eyebrows have remained unchanged, faithful to his first self.

* * *

A Nightly Prayer of Freshmen:

Please, please send me a man for the Tea Dance. If You can, please make him good-looking and about six feet tall, preferably blond, a good dancer, and *please* make him sophisticated, so all the upper-classmen will envy me. Incidentally, thank You for having that "goon" show up at school today. At least the girls know now that I have *some* prospect. Thank You and amen.

* * *

And So to the Closet:

Now that the automobile is rapidly becoming an outmoded means of conveyance we look to our trusty feet for journeying. Since walking will soon become a popular sport, we lovingly caress our high-heeled, somewhat foolish-looking pumps, and consign them to the closet for the duration. We then turn fondly to our long-neglected, woebegone-looking saddles.

Once in the open, in the clear, crisp air of early Fall, we leave all regret behind us in our exhilaration. Gone and forgotten are the trivial worries of shoes, tires, gas, etc. We are now enjoying life in the open, sunshine, fresh-air, freedom! We are impressed, as we scuff along the country road, with the glory and beauty of nature. We are happy because we are walking to victory.

* * *

It's an ill wind . . .

For years, a familiar figure at Assembly was the president of the Foreign Mission Society, pleading on behalf of various workers among the heathen. "Just give up that daily *coke*," she begged, "and donate the nickel to the missions."

"I'd like to," sighed the collegienne, "but it's absolutely impossible. I have to have a *coke* every day. I simply can't get along without it."

The war has changed all that. Now, no one asks us to give up *coke*. There isn't any *coke* to give up. Strangely enough, the collegienne is managing somehow to get along without it. Let's hope the foreign missions are reaping some of the benefits of this forced sacrifice.

CURRENT BOOKS

The Song of Bernadette. By Franz Werfel. New York: The Viking Press, 1942. 575 pages.

In this biographical novel, Franz Werfel tells the simple, beautiful story of the appearance of the Blessed Virgin to a humble shepherd girl at Lourdes. In doing this, he narrates the events of Bernadette's life just as they occurred. There is no crude melodrama, no attempt to overdramatize sacred events. From the first appearance of "the lady", through the wave of universal doubt, the torturous cross-examinations by clerical and secular authorities, the final overwhelming victory of "the lady", and Bernadette's own suffering and death, the story is told faithfully and well, culminating in the glorious moment of her canonization.

In view of the fact that Franz Werfel is not a Catholic, but a Jew, this is an especially remarkable book. Occasionally, he betrays a hesitancy, a certain unsureness about details, which would not be found in a Catholic reporting, but for the most part he writes with delicacy and good taste. The crude scene in the tavern, in which François Soubirous is twitted by his drinking companions about being a member of the Holy Family, is the only one which actually offends Catholic sensibilities, and even that incident is obviously meant to show the reaction of the ignorant and irreligious to the miracle.

That this work is in the form of a novel is the result of the author's belief that "in our epoch an epic poem can take no form but that of a novel". Hence, he sings his song in prose, but in such beautiful, stirring prose that it is truly singing. Throughout the story, he stresses the simplicity, the humanness of the harassed little girl as she staunchly defended the truth of her vision. All during her life she referred to it simply as "the lady", even after the highest ecclesiastical authorities had established the fact that "the lady" was really the Blessed Virgin.

The effect which the apparition had on all classes of people is shown with great skill. The inhabitants of Lourdes included all types, and Mr. Werfel has expertly delineated the various believers and unbelievers, both secular and clerical, who surrounded Bernadette.

Nowhere in the book does Franz Werfel state definitely that he believes in the miracles of Lourdes. However, the masterful way in which he answers all the arguments of unbelievers, the conclusive proof he offers of Bernadette's veracity, as he points out triumphantly that the miracles at Lourdes have withstood the acid test of time, show that he himself has no doubts. He sings his song in fulfillment of a vow made when he found refuge in Lourdes during the invasion of France in 1940. One feels that "the lady", who always managed to get her own way, had a hand in his escape, and may even now be leading him to the spiritual refuge of the Church.

Marie McCabe, '43

The Making of Tomorrow. By Raoul de Roussy de Sales. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock, 1942. 340 pages.

The title of this book presupposes a plan for the future. The matter does not bear out the implication of the title. If there is one thing that Mr. de Sales book is not concerned with, it is the *making of Tomorrow*. Yesterday and Today are analyzed thoroughly and often brilliantly, but Tomorrow is referred to sketchily and vaguely. Mr. de Sales recognizes the fact that there must be a revision of world politics, but he is not altogether sure of the type of revision he would suggest.

He wants freedom and equality for all men, but he believes these inalienable rights can become available to the mass of humanity only through political and economic democracy. He ignores the spiritual element without which there can be no enduring peace. He goes so far as to claim that the American way of life is the only living, vital, and (forsooth) spiritual force, since it alone is capable of satisfying the yearnings of society. He implies that the American concept of living is based on happiness on earth, and that the teaching of the Church is in contradistinction to this philosophy. We find the answer to this charge in the encyclical *Quadragesimo Anno*:

. . . man may develop and evolve to the full all his faculties to the praise and glory of his Creator; and that, by fulfilling faithfully the duties of his stature, he may attain to *temporal* and *eternal* happiness. (Italics ours.)

Mr. de Sales gives an interesting account of the mass psychology of the German people. They are lovable as individuals; they are the scourge of mankind, collectively. The present world-conflict is viewed as a small phase of the continuous German rebellion against civilization. There is a hatred-virus in this delineation of the "master race", which, unfortunately, spreads until it includes the German people. With a few strokes of his pen, Mr. de Sales liberates all the other Western peoples from all taint of sin. The Germans, alone, are directly responsible for the planet upheaval:

Their trouble—our trouble—is, that we have tried to live along like civilized human beings in spite of the fact that in our midst there was a people, the Germans, intent on bringing us all down to their level of barbarism.

Undoubtedly, his explanation of nationalism, collectivism, and pacifism as the three forces underlying political philosophy is brilliant and challenging. We cannot agree, unreservedly, with all his conclusions, although the freshness in the treatment of world problems arouses the too-prevalent apathetic reader. Mr. de Sales evidences an adherence to an economic solution of war and peace more than is warrantable. But his book does make us aware of the universality of the conflict, and its potency to fashion the future, the Tomorrow, for better or for worse.

Eileen Tosney, '43

The Jesuits in History. The Society of Jesus through Four Centuries.

By Martin P. Harney, S.J. New York: The American Press, 1941.

513 pages.

The occasion for this excellent book was the fourth centenary of the foundation of the Society of Jesus. The scholarly, accurate, readable book makes a notable contribution to the vast total of literature on the Society.

The aim of Father Harney, to pen "a volume in popular treatment of this varied and striking history of four hundred years", has been admirably accomplished. He has herein marshalled an overwhelming array of facts, figures, and faces. His careful selection and logical arrangement

of data woven in a fascinating style form an enthralling account of the birth, growth, trials, and triumphs of one of the outstanding religious orders in the Catholic Church. Historians, and students of history will rejoice in the evidences of painstaking research, as well as in the apt appendices, and the adequate (though "partial") bibliography.

Father Harney's task in preparing, synthesizing, and assembling countless incidents over so long a span of years was a laborious one. He presents not only data, but also unweaves the historical, spiritual, and psychological forces which gave actuality to these events.

The figures of St. Ignatius, the Founder, and the many sons who toiled in his spirit in classrooms, pulpits, councils, hospitals, courts, and foreign mission fields stand out in high relief against a background of world history. Of special interest is the account of the great influence exerted by the *Spiritual Exercises*, that Jesuit talisman and *vade mecum*.

Erroneous opinions concerning the Society are here explored and exploded with fairness, without rancor. No details are spared to draw the story of the suppression and eventual restoration of the Society. The stand of its oppressors and opposers is revealed in the searching light of truth. Here is a book for all who delight in a comprehensive study, at once, fair, clear, scholarly, truthful, captivating, stimulating.

Betty Ricker, '42

The Man Who Got Even with God. By Father Raymond, O.C.S.O.
Milwaukee: The Bruce Publishing Company, 1941. 170 pages.

This book tells the story of John Green Hanning, whose transformation from a cowboy to a contemplative monk is offered as an encouragement of our own spiritual efforts, as well as a proof that everyone is capable of scaling the heights of sanctity. Here was a man so vindictive that he always "got even"; whether that entailed setting his father's barn on fire, or threatening to cut his Abbot's throat from ear to ear with a razor. He finally settled his accounts with one Person in the most surprising way. He became a Trappist, and in that becoming, his temper was completely vanquished.

John Green Hanning was born in Kentucky in 1849. He knew the excitement of the Civil War while he was yet a boy. After a culpable family quarrel, the hot-headed young man ran away from home. He spent nine years on a cattle ranch near the Rio Grande. Eventually he returned home. He met a girl named Mary whose influence helped to bring him back to the Faith. They were engaged for six years, but something kept him from taking the final step down the middle aisle; something which he recognized, with consternation, was a call from God to His service.

At the age of thirty-six, John Hanning entered the Trappist Abbey at Gethsemane. He became Brother Joachim. Dom Benedict, his stern superior, succeeded in turning his tempestuous energies into the right spiritual channel. Brother Joachim learned by a hard apprenticeship that "the Trappist life is not something, but Some One." He fell in love with God. He became noted for his kindness and patience. His letters are indicative of the saintliness of his last years and of the extent of his victory over self. He died in 1908.

There are some excellent passages in this book relative to educational principles, the right use and enjoyment of the senses, and the value of monastery life in this ultra-progressive twentieth century. The work is flawed by the persistent interruptions of the author; the gain would have been more evident if Brother Hanning's story was but slightly commented upon. The reader could draw the obvious conclusions. Moreover, there was little need, I think, to disparage, even in a slight degree, Damien of Molokai in order to emphasize the virtues of Brother Joachim. Each one must serve in his own individual way to gain the Ultimate, God. There is enough glory to go around. In general, then, though the book may be in spots rather disappointing, yet it is enjoyable. It shows the truth and wisdom of the advice: "Love God and do what you will."

Marjorie Greene, '43

The Days of Ofelia. By Gertrude Diamant. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company, 1942. 226 pages.

The Days of Ofelia is a gaily-illustrated book which carries us south of the border into the land of Mexico. Once there, we are introduced to a typical Mexican family in typical Mexican surroundings. Ofelia imme-

diately attracts our interest. At first, it seems as if she would completely absorb it by reason of her fascinating manner and unexpected temperament; but as we read on and on (we cannot stop reading this book once it has been begun) we find that she is the one who introduces us to the nature of the Mexican people. She is not always in the foreground; but she is always nearby, insinuating her ideas and ideals in regard to the Mexicans.

Gertrude Diamant went to Mexico to tabulate the I.Q.'s of the Otomis. She returned to this country with her task unaccomplished, and with much more. She returned with a mind filled with what she perceived in Mexico: with the sight of the great Pan-American Highway which winds its way through Mexico; with the sound of the lilting voices of the Mexicans; with the smell of the tortillas, the staple Mexican food.

This book is not one of travel, for it is more than a traveler's impersonal observations of beautiful country and historic cities. It is not a novel, for the detail of the living of Ofelia and her family are not plotted. While it cannot be satisfactorily classified as to form, it can be described as Miss Diamant's recollections of a very interesting sojourn in Mexico City.

Gertrude Diamant has combined in her writing a musical yet crisp style. It is musical, because it is rhythmic and sonorously pleasing in sound. It is crisp, because it reads quickly in fast-moving cadence. Here and there, amidst descriptions of manners, of customs, and of the people themselves, one finds interesting thoughts. To illustrate: "And while climate may create a race, weather creates the temper and sensibility of the individual."

We return from the City of Mexico when we have closed the covers of this book, but our memories linger long on its customs, legends, and its deep-seated Catholicity which is evidenced in the people, though not always caught, and seldom interpreted by Gertrude Diamant.

Caroline Desaulniers, '43

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